

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1870.

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DR. MALAN IN HIS FAMILY AND SOCIAL LIFE.*

HIS house was situated out of the town, in the midst of a large garden, in the end of which was the chapel, a simple but convenient edifice. When I entered the place they told me that Malan was holding an evening service. After having, standing under the window, listened to the close of the service, I saw this venerable man come out in company with a Scotch stranger. He saluted me in the most affecting way with the grace and dignity which characterized him.

The first impression produced on me by the sight of Malan was that of a noble and imposing personality. A little above the middle height, he was well made and of a vigorous frame; and though there was something military in his bearing, his manner was perfectly natural, betraying neither restraint nor affectation. His large shoulders supported a superb head; his open, lofty brow gave the idea of power. His eyes were full of mind and of fire, at the same time that the affecting expression of his look at once won you over and retained you forcibly. His finely cut mouth betrayed at the same time a will of iron and the most cordial benevolence, and it possessed also that special mark of grace which denotes the orator. His abundant hair, already silvered—Malan was then fifty years old—flowed over his shoulders. His black coat, with its straight collar and white cravat, indicated the clergyman at first sight.

After having saluted me as an old acquaintance, Malan conducted me to a room which opened on the garden, where he presented me to several of his daughters as well as his wife.

The latter, simple as distinguished, at once brought before me the image of the mother of a German family.

"And what brings you here?" asked my host as soon as we were seated. Then, as I told him that I came to visit Geneva, he interrupted me by saying, "Where do you lodge? Go," added he, when I had named my hotel, "have your luggage brought here, and make yourself at home under my roof." I hesitated. Malan was not equally beloved by all the men whom I intended to see at Geneva; finally, I feared above all, on account of my youth and inexperience, his superior mind, and that sort of evangelical fanaticism with which he always tried to win people to the exaggerated rigor of his Calvinism. Divining apparently my thoughts by my silence, he said, "Fear nothing, you will be perfectly free with us. Go arrange your affairs and return to tea." This I decided to do, and I have often thanked God for it.

In the evening I found there, among other persons, the Rev. Bennett, well known by the voyage around the world he had made, with his friend Tyermann, to visit the different stations of evangelical missions. The evening was for me full of interest and instruction. In general, it may be said that the hospitable mansion of Malan was a rendezvous for the people of all countries, and not a week passed without its being visited by strangers of all sorts. He gave himself up to them with a just oblivion of self; but as he was not merely a man of society, but one who knew how to bring forth out of his treasure things new and old, the conversation soon took a character, if not always serious, in every case instructive. When he invited those who came to see him to take tea—which he frequently did—he took his place in the middle of the large table; his guests were seated

*Sa et les Travaux de Cesar Malan.

by the side or opposite him, and his numerous family on the right and left, so that he could with one glance embrace them all. A single look was sufficient to restrain within wise limits his sons and his daughters, or to make them perceive any accidental neglect. During the repast there was a mixture of German and English customs.

There was not in this family life more beautiful moments than those of the morning and evening prayer. They were precious hours of benediction and recollection. Of course all the members of the household took part in it, even the guests and the domestics. One of the children brought a stand that he placed, after having put upon it the large family Bible, and the book of hymns by Malan, before the chair destined for the father of the family. The eldest of the daughters seated herself at the piano, while all present were arranged around in a circle, their Bibles in their hands. Malan began by a very short prayer that he pronounced while seated, then he gave out a hymn that the people of the household generally sang from memory. He then read with much solemnity a chapter in the Bible, giving it an expression that might often stand instead of explanation. He spoke then about a quarter of an hour on what he had read, frequently with a special mention, and always taking care to make an application to the individual wants of those to whom he addressed himself. Finally came the prayer that he made kneeling, and which consisted, above all, in the praises of God and in thanksgivings for the great works of salvation. He was accustomed, also, in the prayer to recommend to the Lord great and small, the individual and man in general, the Church of Christ and its disseminations over the whole world—Switzerland and Geneva, his well-beloved town; his little church, with its specific wants; the members of his household, as well as the anxieties and the joys which the circumstances of the day brought with them. He mentioned also specially the guests who were there, and, in general, each one according to his vocation, his state of soul, his plans and his personal position. All this was placed before the Father of mercies, and in the name of the Lord Jesus, with so much confidence and intimacy that, on rising from such a prayer, one always felt refreshed and fortified.

I comprehended from that time whence proceeded that perpetual good-humor—that freshness of spirit which distinguished this worthy father of a family; what was the source of the cordial affection, and the reciprocal benevolence which reigned among all his children; where

was the secret of this tone of gayety and this joyous spirit which made so favorable an impression on every stranger who entered the precincts of this house.

It was soon evident to me that the spirit of prayer reigned in all the life of the family. I could perceive, as soon as one of the children or members of the household became agitated or troubled in any way, the father of the family either affectionately recommended him to seek God in prayer, with the assurance that he himself would intercede for him; or, taking him into his study, he prayed there with him, after having spoken to him unreservedly.

In the house of Malan the Sunday was kept with all the severity of Scottish Puritanism. This was for me a source of trouble and of conflict. Every one knows that on this point the Lutheran Church has a tendency and a teaching different from those of the Reformed Scotch Church. Without doubt, one can not help seeing in the Scottish severity a return to the weak and beggarly elements of the world from which Christ has delivered us—a return which is not an indifferent matter. Notwithstanding this zeal appears worthy of all praise, when one compares it with the habitual profanation of the Sabbath in our towns and villages, as well among the Protestants as the Catholics. One fact is evident—it is, that God has sanctified the seventh day; that he did it for humanity long before the Levitical law, and even long before there was a people of God, to the end that man might quit work for recreation, agitation for repose, distraction for recollection; in one word, the world for God himself. But let us return to Malan.

One day, it was a Sunday, I heard his voice calling me in the garden on which my window opened. "What are you doing now?" he said. "I am writing letters," I replied to him from the window. "Come down to the garden," he then said to me, "and let us converse on serious things." I hastened to join him. Scarcely were we seated on a bench in the shade of high chestnut-trees, when he said to me, "Do you know that you break the commandment of God in working thus on the Sabbath?" "In working on the Sabbath?" I cried in astonishment. "Do you not know the fourth commandment?"—the third according to the Lutherans. "Without doubt," I replied. "But how then have I broken it?" "Thou shalt not do any work on the Sabbath day." Then said Malan, with a solemn voice, and he repeated in emphasizing these words: "Any work! To write letters, is that not doing any work? Is this work in direct relation to God to whom the day belongs? Have you no leisure time for that in the week? Have

you nothing to-day to set in order with your God with regard to the past? nothing to tell him? nothing to listen to from him as regards the state of your soul? nothing to ask him for the days which are before you? My friend, you refuse God the honor which belongs to him, and you do wrong to your own soul."

I felt the weight of these words, but I kept silence; thoughts many, however, stirred within me.

"You would have doubtless many objections to make me, I know well," added he, "nevertheless listen to me. No true Christian has yet thought of declaring that the sixth commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill,' is antiquated, and of no more authority for Christianity. On the contrary, in the economy of the New Dispensation, this commandment is so interpreted that it extends even to the inimical word, even to the thought of hatred. It is the same with the seventh, the eighth, with all the commandments of the two tables. The fourth, should it really be abolished? Ought we not to admit, with regard to this commandment, that which is true of all the others, that it also is really re-enforced under the New Testament? My friend, take then this word in all seriousness, not do any work."

I wished to reply, but Malan cried out, "Let me finish! Look at my household. The fourth commandment is there kept in a serious manner. My youngest children even feel the need of ceasing from the work of the six other days, and on the Sabbath day of living only for their God and Savior. And what do you see in our home as the result of this obedience? God has blessed the Sabbath day, and this benediction is still felt to-day in all its power: God has blessed my house. You can recognize this benediction in our family happiness, in the peace that reigns in our home. You can see it in my children. Yes, my friend, we must be serious with regard to the commandments of God; God will then be faithful to his promise."

After having told him why, notwithstanding these words so serious and so convincing, I could not, however, admit that the Christian Sabbath was the Jewish Sabbath, I assured Malan that I preferred its severity to the opposite tendency, and that in every case I would promise willingly during my sojourn with him to regulate my conduct according to the rules of his house.

Malan was not satisfied. He interrupted me constantly, and sought with much eloquence, and often with an astonishing skill in sophistry, to overthrow my arguments. Obligated to be

contented with the promise that I gave him, he ended by saying that he hoped that during this time I should be converted. This hope is not doubtless realized in the sense in which he understood it; nevertheless, with regard to it, I have carried from his house a great and durable benediction. Since then, in effect, I have lived, by God's help, not only for myself to keep holy the Sabbath day, but later to do all in my power to introduce the benefits of it in my home.

After having been at Lausanne at the anniversaries of the religious societies, a great number of us returned on the fourth of August on the steamboat which, thanks to the superb weather, was filled with strangers of all sorts. While I enjoyed the relaxation which so easily succeeds all tension of mind, I perceived that Malan had seated himself beside a strange lady, and in his courteous way had begun to exchange some words with her. The conversation became more animated. On the features of the lady appeared alternately either the expression of astonishment, or a smile of disdain. Her face became red and pale by turns. Evidently she was agitated by the conflict of opposing sentiments. Often we saw her speak and gesticulate with the greatest agitation; one would have said that she wished to defend herself against unjust attacks; then she put herself in the attitude of a listener, attentive, silent, with downcast eyes. Gradually these moments of silence became more frequent; finally she was entirely silent. Malan, on his side, seemed to become more serious, more persistent, more assured of victory. Soon tears were flowing down the face of the stranger, who, at each instant, put her handkerchief to her eyes.

For a long time I had, from a distance, observed this scene with the most lively interest; for it was evident that Malan sought to bring this soul to the Savior. Did I not know that he was animated with great zeal to win hearts for the kingdom of God, and that with this he possessed an extraordinary gift for seizing souls! How many admirable examples had I long known of what God had accomplished by his instrumentality! I had been told how, during walks, in diligences, in inns, and with people of all conditions, he had known sometimes by a single word to throw into hearts an arrow from which they could not free themselves! For the first time at this hour I saw this man at his work. While the rest of us were hither and thither without doing any thing, looking around us, and speaking of things more or less vain, Malan was evangelizing with an indefatigable zeal and with an ardent charity.

After about a half hour, while I was standing

near a young German of my acquaintance, Malan passed by my side and said in my ear, "A soul newly gained to the Savior." A quarter of an hour later, as I was still in the same place, and a young theologian from the North had just joined us, Malan again passing near me touched me on the shoulder, saying with a low voice, "Evangelize! sound the trumpet!" During all my journey after that, or, better still, during all my life, this cry has a thousand times resounded in my ear, and never, when I have faithfully followed it, have I had occasion to repent.

A proposition having been made to me to become a tutor in a great English house, I reserved my decision, according to my custom, until I had heard the advice of my family and the opinion of tried friends. As soon as I had written home, I went to speak to Malan.

After having listened to me tranquilly, he asked me what I had myself decided. "To accept this offer," I replied, "if I receive the approbation I anticipate from my home."

He shook his head, and began with vivacity and increasing warmth to describe to me the inconveniences of such a position, urging me in the name of my conscience to remember that I was called to preach the Word of God, to evangelize, and not to become the guardian of a young man of noble family. "Go to France," cried he, "to America, to Africa, where you will, provided that you preach Jesus, gain souls to the Lord! That is your task! Go! sound the trumpet of the Gospel!" A little annoyed at seeing thus all my beautiful dreams destroyed, I endeavored to show him the advantages of the offer which had been made to me. "Illusion! illusion!" he repeated in throwing down, without pity, all the scaffolding of my objections. . . .

Soon after, having retired to look over a German work on Calvinistic theology lent him by Mr. Malan, I heard Malan's voice calling me. He invited me to follow him to his study. Against the wall was a cabinet organ. He placed on the instrument a sheet on which was a beautiful hymn-tune with a French text, and he asked me to play it. Words and music were entirely unknown to me. It was a hymn on the communion of saints, on the sweetness of fraternity, and on the blessed hope that a day will come when all the children of God, having reached through Christ the perfection of the same knowledge will unite together to praise the Lamb. I was delighted, and I asked if I might be permitted to copy the words and the melody. "This sheet is yours," said Malan to

me with that expression of joy on his fine countenance, produced by an action which, springing from the heart, has accomplished its aim. "It is my farewell to you," added he, and I then observed that the sheet bore a kind of dedication to my name. It is an incident of little importance, but it gives us a glimpse of the admirable life of charity which animated the soul of this excellent man.

On the evening of the last Sabbath I passed at Pré-Béni, during the tea a box* was circulated with texts of Scripture. Each one read the passage he had drawn, and the father of the family took occasion from it to say some words of exhortation or explication. Before separating an English minister, who was present, made a prayer remarkable for strength and unction.

It was with tears in my eyes that I then took leave of this excellent family, as I was to depart the next morning at 5 o'clock.

As to Malan, he took my arm and led me into the garden. He there manifested his affection for me, placed before me with beautiful clearness the days we had passed together, then gave me excellent counsel for the journey I was about to undertake in France, and valuable addresses for a large number of his friends and acquaintances. However it was near midnight, and I wished to bid him adieu. "No, no," he said to me, "to-morrow I will accompany you to the post-office."

The next morning he was at my door at 4 o'clock. "Is your baggage ready?" he asked me after having given me a friendly morning salutation. He helped the servant carry it down, and accompanied it himself to the entrance of the garden. Then he returned for me. The town was still wrapped in silence. We did not hear a single sound in the streets which we traversed. On the edge of the horizon a band of sky, feebly lighted, announced the approach of day. "What will it be?" said Malan, "when the day of Christ shall appear, and he shall come suddenly to awaken those who sleep!"

Conversing thus we reached the post-office. The carriage and horses were ready. The travelers had already taken their places. Malan embraced me, invoked upon me the blessing of God, and the *diligence* began to roll noisily away.

I have never seen Malan since; he is at rest; but his memory remains a blessing, and that in an ineffaceable way to me and to many others.

* The contents of this Sunday box was appropriated to different objects of charity

THE YOUTH OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

(CONCLUDED.)

YOUNG as I then was, I took it into my head to correct the erroneous opinions of Mademoiselle d'Armont, and the controversy was often renewed. I engaged in it with a zeal and enthusiasm which, in my opinion, ought to have triumphed over the most inveterate heresy. She did not refuse battle. Her arguments were concise, rapid, luminous, while my feelings predominated over reasoning. I bewailed the fate of Louis XVI, though nothing then announced the fatal end reserved for him to the eternal shame of France. Every thing for the King, was my motto. Mademoiselle d'Armont's maxim was that "kings are made for the people, and not the people for kings." This was, no doubt, true; but it offended me in the object of my idolatry. The imperturbable self-possession of my opponent amazed me, and I quarreled with her; then I apologized and strove to obtain concessions—impossible; she was too true to disguise her sentiments.

Alas! speaking of this incarnate royalism, then and now a part of my very being, I remember that one day, sitting in the pleasant walks of the garden of the Faudoas mansion with my beloved Eleanor, reading the history of England with her, I wept bitterly over the misfortunes of Charles I, and was enamored with the deeds of devotion which have immortalized the partisans of the Stuarts. "See, darling," said I to my friend, "I would do so if the same thing should happen in France. I would sacrifice myself for my king; I would die for him!" "O!" she replied, "I would certainly serve him with all my ability, but not to death. I should prefer to keep my head, even if it were wrong side up." This expression has never left my memory since the day that charming head fell under the revolutionary ax. She wished to live, but she perished; while I wished to die, and I still live to weep for many friends and sigh over my country's woes.

But let us return to Mademoiselle d'Armont. We were soon to be separated again, for my parents were preparing to leave Caen and take up their residence in Rouen. The hot-headed and bigoted population of Caen promised no safety. The inhabitants of Rouen, on the other hand, enjoyed a reputation for prudence which they did not belie during the reign of terror. Grieved to lose us again, Madame de Bretteville was almost determined to follow us. Her young relative urged her to do this with all her might.

A single obstacle hindered the realization of this plan, and this obstacle was invincible. The old lady had heard that a bridge of boats must be crossed in order to enter the city, and thereupon she was struck with terror lest this bridge might drift apart while she was on it and bear her out in mid-ocean. Ridiculous as this fear may appear, it was impossible to extirpate it from her narrow mind, which could not hold two ideas at the same moment. All our eloquence stranded upon the greatest stubbornness. We then proposed to go through Paris to avoid the bridge. That was much worse. Paris! one must be crazy to risk such a dangerous journey. We were, therefore, obliged to make up our minds to bid each other a farewell, which turned out eternal.

Four months had passed since the renewal of our acquaintance with the young school-girl of the convent. We were deeply attached to her. Our departure filled her with sadness; she was sorry to lose my mother, whose influence over her aged relative rendered her life more pleasant and reminded her of childhood's happy days. Perhaps, had we remained near her, she would not have been led into the society of the federalists, who assuredly would have been entire strangers to us. Good advice, pleasant friendship, our common occupations might perhaps have succeeded in calming this exalted mind.

A few days before our departure Madame de Bretteville gave us a farewell dinner. The guests interested us for more than one reason. M. d'Armont, urged by letters from my mother, had forgiven his daughter the impulsiveness which had led her from the paternal roof. Convinced that her youthful effervescence had yielded to the good counsels by which she was surrounded, he had consented to a reconciliation. He had come to Caen with his younger son and daughter, the former of whom was soon to go into exile as a royalist, and join his elder brother at Coblenz. A young relative of Madame de Bretteville, M. de Tournéls, had also come with the same intentions. It was, therefore, doubly a farewell repast, since we were going to Rouen and the young men to the Rhine. M. de Tournéls seemed quite pleased with Mademoiselle d'Armont. Both called Madame de Bretteville aunt, although she was only a very distant cousin, and my mother would have been glad if the respective claims of the two branches could have been blended in a very suitable union between the amiable young man and our friend; but the latter seemed no way disposed to favor this arrangement, and in a kind of contradictory spirit she disclosed her

opinions more openly than ever, wholly hostile to the hopes of the emigrants. Like the rest of us, M. de Tournéllis tried to lead this stray sheep back into the fold, for he attributed the ideas which she advanced occasionally, to mental error. He forgave her infatuation for Rome and Lacedemonia, not imagining that she could desire the overthrow of our ancient and glorious monarchy. A skirmish resulted from this opposition, in which each readily participated.

Never will this farewell dinner pass from my memory. It was Saint Michael's day, 1791. Mademoiselle d'Armont, arrayed in one of the beautiful garments which her aged relative had given her, was dazzling beautiful. I presided over her toilet and the arrangement of her hair, that her father might be subjugated in every possible way. I still see her in a dress of pink taffeta, striped with white, open upon a petticoat of white silk. This costume was admirably becoming to her figure; a pink ribbon bound her hair and harmonized with the color of her complexion, brighter than usual from her uncertainty about the reception she would receive from her father, and from the emotion of meeting her family again. She was truly an ideal creature that day.

M. d'Armont and my mother met with pain and pleasure blended. The entire past revived in an instant to the eyes of this worthy man. He embraced his daughter, whom my mother presented to him, with true paternal affection. There were no recriminations or reproaches, and he consented very willingly to leave her with Madame de Bretteville, herself rather dissatisfied with a favor she had in no wise solicited, but incapable, from her weak character, of trying to shield herself from what she probably considered a burden.

At first the dinner was very gay. We were full of hope. Our emigrants-to-be thought they should make but a short trip along the banks of the Rhine; they would be back to spend the Winter in Paris. Every thing would be quiet by that time. Mademoiselle d'Armont rallied them on the rapidity of their journey and their speedy return. She compared them to Don Quixote. They laughed, they joked, and so far every thing went on well; but at length some one proposed the King's health. We all rose up simultaneously except Mademoiselle d'Armont, who remained sitting, her glass on the table. "To the health of the King" was repeated a second time. The same attitude and the same silence. M. d'Armont knit his eyebrows; he dropped his eyes with visible displeasure. My mother gently touched the young lady's arm to prevail upon her to rise.

Mademoiselle d'Armont looked at her, calm and gentle as usual, but did not stir. "What! my child," said my mother, "do you refuse to drink the health of so good and virtuous a King?" "I believe him virtuous," she answered with that accent which was like melody, "but a weak King can not be good: he can not prevent the misery of the people." A deep silence succeeded this answer. I was angry; my mother hardly concealed her vexation. However, we drank the health of our cherished King; then each sat down again plainly annoyed and gloomy. Mademoiselle d'Armont surely did not aim to displease us; but, frank and incapable of deceit, she would have blushed, as at an apostasy, at what circumstances perhaps required of her, and what her rigid character and inflexible principles did not allow her to do. This opposition to her father's sentiments in a feast of reconciliation, this resistance to the entreaties of her friend was infinitely disagreeable to the whole company, and the expression of embarrassment and coldness which overspread every countenance could not be dissipated.

It chanced that the constitutional Bishop—l'abbé Fauchel—was that day to make a kind of episcopal entrance into the city of Caen, surrounded and followed by a venal multitude, who made the air resound with shouts of Long live the nation! Long live the constitutional Bishop! The young men, offended at these demonstrations, and irritated doubtless by the incomprehensible conduct of Mademoiselle d'Armont, went to the windows under which the procession was just passing, and declared their intention of uttering an opposing cry. This was to expose us all to certain death. The populace would have hacked us in pieces, for, in those hours of impetuosity and delirium, woe to whoever should provoke them unarmed with the force necessary to conquer them! We threw ourselves mechanically between them and the window to prevent them from indulging this inexcusable madness. But they were excited, and, unable to break the barrier which in our fright we opposed to their impetuosity, they raised their voices so that their shouts of Long live the King, might reach the surging crowd hurrying through the street. Then Mademoiselle d'Armont, seizing M. de Tournéllis with a firm grasp, dragged him into the middle of the room, while M. d'Armont commanded his son to be silent with all a father's authority. "How is it," said she to the rash young man whose arm she still held, "how is it that you are not afraid lest the untimely display of your sentiments become fatal to those around

you?" "And how is it, Mademoiselle," responded M. de Tourn  lis hastily, "that you were not afraid just now of hurting the feelings of your father, of your brother, of all your friends, by refusing to join your voice in a national cry so dear to our hearts?" She smiled. "My refusal could harm none but myself. And you, without any useful purpose, were going to risk the lives of all who are with you. On which side, tell me, is the feeling more generous?" M. de Tourn  lis dropped his head and was silent. The throng had passed by, and this incident was followed by no fatal consequences.

We had agreed to write to each other often, and make use of every opportunity which might offer. I received ten or twelve letters from Mademoiselle d'Armont, of which only two remain, because my mother, finding them in the hiding-place where I had put them—except the last two—deemed it prudent to burn them, fearing, lest in the domiciliary visits which marked every day of this *era of liberty*, they might learn that I had corresponded with this celebrated girl, whose mere name made our tyrants tremble. I deeply regret that I could not preserve those letters, for they were all characteristic; but I have not forgotten them. The catastrophe which shortly after came to smite her who had written them, engraved their least expressions upon my memory. In them I read loathing of life, the sadness of an unprofitable and aimless existence, in short, the complete disenchantment of a mind deceived in its hopes after being long nourished with seductive illusions. She mentioned politics but rarely, and did so only with a tincture of irony. She derided the immigrant royalists and their chimerical projects; she deplored the blasphemous scenes of which many churches were the theater. One day she told me of a disturbance in the parish of Verson, near Caen, where women, true to their old faith, had been insulted. The latter had avenged themselves by tearing the scarf of the municipal officers. "This was insulting the ass sorely," she said. Mademoiselle d'Armont was sorry she could not induce her aunt to come and join us in Rouen. "O, that she had a fairy's wand to build a more substantial b  fide than the one which inspired the old lady's pusillanimity with so much repugnance! Were I near you," she added, "I would become your pupil again, and I would promise more attention to your lessons. Perhaps, then, I might find in your friendship, and in your good mother's, in literature and the study of languages, a compensation for the weariness to which I am a prey. When we can not live in

the present and have no future, we must take refuge in the past, and seek in ideal life all that real life lacks."

I answered her letters punctually; but, since we could put very little confidence in the mails, opportunities became rarer, and toward the close of 1792 entirely ceased. The cessation of this correspondence was very painful to me. For many months I had received no intelligence from Caen, when all the journals announced the assassination of Marat by a young girl called *Corday de Saint Armands*. The names mutilated thus could give us no suspicions. We remained, therefore, in profoundest ignorance until we received the legal examinations, which the public prints transmitted to us. The names were still changed, but at these questions: "Where do you live in Caen?" "With a relative." "What society do you frequent?" "M. de La Rue!" We uttered a cry of terror. The clouds scattered and showed us the tall figure of Mademoiselle d'Armont in a light quite new to us.

I shall not try to paint. I dislike to remember the heart-rending emotions I then experienced. What matters it what my heart felt on that sudden and overwhelming revelation of a character which I had so completely misunderstood. Mademoiselle d'Armont had acted under the impulse of a veritable fatalism. This woman's life, hitherto so insipid, a burden to her on account of its uselessness, had suddenly acquired a value in her eyes from the moment she could sacrifice it to the object of her adoration, of her constant thought, her native land. She thought with the price of her blood to purchase peace, the coalition of parties, the close of civil discord. She hesitated no longer.

"I never valued life," she said, "save for its possible usefulness;" and still later, "Marat appealed to passion in order to seduce and infatuate the minds of men. I thought that, this firebrand of anarchy once extinguished, every thing would be restored to order, and might yet be settled. I trembled for joy, thinking that a woman's life might save so much precious blood."

None urged her to her design, and she confided it to nobody. Her resolution once taken, any feminine delicacy, turning back, or domestic affection, was stifled before such a prospect. Her humane and gentle heart was clothed as with an armor, which rendered her inaccessible to all feelings foreign to her scheme. Calm, strong, resigned, once convinced that the blow she was about to strike would cast off an odious yoke, and bring back her fellow-citizens to more generous ideas, she turned not a single pitiful

glance on herself; she was without weakness as without remorse; she forgot her youth, her beauty, the long future which was promised her, the sorrow she was to cause her father, her relatives, her friends, besides the danger she would expose them to. The victim was marked, and the sacrifice must be fulfilled.

We know how she executed her design. We know what she did, what she said, what she wrote. We know with what courage she went to death, beautiful, calm, proud, and smiling, ruling the mob from the ignoble cart, almost silencing an unbridled multitude by her imposing dignity, and forcing those who had come to insult her even to admire her.

She had committed a crime before God and men; but in her own eyes she had performed a duty, and her crime was a virtue. Exalted by continual contemplation of ancient times, and exciting her imagination with the deeds of sublime devotion which have immortalized their authors, she meant also to sacrifice herself to the common safety, expecting justice and glory from posterity.

I neither judge, condemn, nor absolve her. My only purpose in writing these lines has been to make her character and the motives which inspired her rightly known. Never were these purer, nobler, and more disinterested. History will give its verdict upon this heroic woman, and I, who was her friend, shall glory in that friendship until my last breath.

I add to the recollections of Madame de M. a literal copy of the two letters which she was able to screen from her mother's fears. The spelling, often faulty, has been corrected. Nothing was less rare in the last century than this inaccuracy, even among well-bred women.

Letter from Charlotte Corday to Mademoiselle L., afterward Madame de M.:

March, 1792.

"Is it possible, my dear friend, that while I was repining at your indolence, you were the victim of the cruel small-pox! I think you ought to be grateful that you are free from it, and that it has respected your good looks; a favor it does not grant all pretty people. You were sick, and I could not know it. Promise me, dearest, that if you should have a relapse you will inform me of it in advance, for I think nothing so hard as ignorance of the condition of our friends. You ask me the news; just now, darling, there is nothing new in our city; sensible folks are gone away; the curses that you uttered against our city are having their effects; if grass does not yet grow in our streets,

it is because the season for it has not come. The Fautoas have gone, and also a part of their furniture. M. de Cussi has the care of the flags. He is soon to marry Mademoiselle Fleuriot. With this general desertion we are very quiet, and the less people there are the less danger there will be of insurrection. If it were for me to choose, I should swell the number of refugees in Rouen, not from fear, but, my dear, to be with you to profit from your lessons; for I would quickly choose you for a teacher of English and Italian, and I am sure I should improve every way with you. Madame de Bretteville, my aunt, thanks you very much for your remembrance and your desire to contribute to her welfare, but her health and her tastes admit of no relief; she is confidently awaiting future events, which do not seem hopeless. She begs you to express to Madame L. her gratitude for her kindly remembrance, and to tell her that nobody can be more sincerely attached to her; she misses you both very much, and is convinced, like myself, that you will not soon return to a city that you so justly despise. My brother went a few days ago to increase the number of knights-errant; perhaps they may encounter wind-mills on their way. I can not think, like our famous aristocrats, that a triumphant entrance will be made without a combat, so formidable is the national force. I think their soldiers are not well disciplined, yet the idea of liberty inspires something like courage, and besides, despair may yet serve them; so then I am at rest, and, moreover, what fate awaits us? A dreadful despotism; if they succeed in re-enslaving the people we shall shun Charybdis and fall on Scylla; we must still suffer. But, my dear, I am writing you a journal contrary to my intentions, for all these lamentations will cure nothing; during the Carnival they should be strictly proscribed. I will tell you sad news. I have mislaid your letter; I am not certain of your address. If this reaches you, send me immediately your address. Madame Malmonte has left for the country with Madame Malherbe, and I do not know to whom to resort. Therefore I will make known my name to those who, instead of you and against my wishes, might read my scribblings.

"I resume my letter which has been undisturbed for several days, dearest, because people foretold great events which I wished to write to you, and nothing has taken place. Every thing is quiet notwithstanding the Carnival, which was unobserved; masks were forbidden. You will think that right. M. de Fautoas has returned; we know not why; none understands his conduct. Remember me to Madame L.,

and assure her of my respectful devotion. Farewell, darling."

SECOND LETTER.

May, 1792.

"I always receive the tokens of your friendship with new pleasure, my dear friend, but I am grieved at your illness. It would seem that this is a consequence of the small-pox; you must be careful. You ask what has happened in Verson; every abomination that can be committed; fifty persons stripped, beaten, women outraged. It seems that they bore them special hatred. Three died a few days after; the rest are still sick; at least most of them. Some of the inhabitants of Verson, on Easter Sunday, insulted a soldier and knocked off his cockade. This was a sore insult to the ass.

"Thereupon stormy deliberations. The administrative body were compelled to permit them to leave Caen, and the preparations went on till half-past two. The inhabitants of Verson, being warned in the morning, thought it a mere jest. The curate had just time to flee, leaving a corpse he was burying in the road. You know that those who were there, and were taken, are the Abbe Adam and de La Pallue, the canon of the Sepulcher, a strange priest, and a young abbot of the parish; the women are the niece of Abbe Adam, the sister of the priest, and also the mayor of the parish. They have been but four days in prison. A peasant questioned by the municipal officers: 'Are you a patriot?' 'Alas! yes, gentlemen, I am. Every body knows that I first bid for the property of the clergy, and you know well, gentlemen, that honest folks would not have it.' I know not whether an intelligent man could have made a better answer than this poor fool, yet even the judges themselves, despite their gravity, could hardly repress a smile. What shall I say finally to end summarily this sad chapter? The parish changed in an instant, and became a club; they feasted the new converts, who would have betrayed their curate had he reappeared among them.

"You know the people, we may change them in a day, They lavish easily their hatred and their love."

"All whom you mention are in Paris. To-day the rest of our respectable citizens leave for Rouen, and we remain almost alone. How can it be helped? Impossible things can not be done. I should have been perfectly delighted if we had taken up our abode in your province, especially as we are threatened with a speedy insurrection. We can die but once, and what gives me courage in the horrors of our situation is, that nobody will suffer in losing me, unless

you value my tender love. You will be surprised, my darling, at my fears; you would share them if you were here. You will be told what a condition our city is in, and how people's heads ferment. Farewell, my dear, I must close, for it is impossible to write any longer with this pen, and I fear that I have already too long delayed sending you this letter. I beg you to say the most polite and respectful things from me to Madame L. My aunt charges me to express to her, as well as to yourself, how dear her memory is to her, and to entreat you to depend upon her sincere attachment. I say nothing of my affection. I hope you will be convinced of it, if I do not continually say the same thing."

Either I am greatly mistaken, or these two letters present something more than a curious interest. Doubtless we can not expect to find in the confidence exchanged between two girls all that strikes and agitates us in the celebrated letter addressed to Barbaroux, commenced in the Abbaye and finished in the Conciergerie. Charlotte Corday, in 1792, could not be what she was in 1793; she could not write in Caen, a retreat less disturbed by outward seditions than by the secret agitations of her soul, as she wrote after she had shed the blood of Marat, inspired by that useful and, in her eyes, glorious deed, exalted by her sacrifice, more occupied with her native land and the hope of restoring quiet to it than with the fate which awaited her. Yet we see the chief traits of her character clearly defined in the recollections and portraits which she groups. It was scenes like these she witnessed in a city that she considered *so justly despised*; these patriots starting on an expedition to *outrage women*; the inhabitants of Verson ready to betray their curate if he should venture to return; cowards, like the peasant whose questioning she so ludicrously relates; simpletons, *lavishing their hatred and love*; it was all these wretches and idiots who made her say in 1793, "Almost all are selfish. What a wretched people to found a Republic!" She who wrote the evening before her death, "I never valued life save for its possible usefulness," did not cater for posterity, for it was she who said, a year before, to her friend, "One can die but once, and what gives me confidence in the horrors of our situation is, that no one will suffer in losing me." When we have made allowance for the difference which is the necessary consequence of diverse circumstances, we shall fully recognize the character of the intrepid woman of Normandy in the two letters of March and May, 1792. There is the same disposition to playfulness and irony; there is the

same enthusiasm for the republican cause, with the same contempt for those who polluted and dishonored this cause by odious violence and shameful saturnalia; there is the same scorn of life; there is, lastly, that medley of pure sentiments, juvenile gayety, artless grace, elevation of heart, firmness of soul and vigor of mind, which would have made Charlotte Corday a most remarkable and fascinating woman, if the evils of her time had not made her the victim of a sublime error.

HOW WALTER LANGTON WAS SAVED.

IT was not far from midnight, and in the month of November. A dull, cold rain had fallen all day, but now there were gleams of moonlight among the clouds, and the wind began to blow with a more determined will than during the early hours of the night. One by one the passengers had settled themselves in as easy postures as possible on the rail cars, and were asleep, or made a pretense of being so, except a clerical-looking personage about thirty years of age. He had tried to sleep but failed, and now sat upright with a forced look of interest, as he peered through the window into the mist outside.

The whistle of the locomotive blew suddenly, and the train was checked, as if a signal had been made not unexpectedly, and then, without coming to a halt, it moved on again. It was only a village of less than a hundred houses. But the matter was explained when the front door of the car was opened, for a man stepped in that any one accustomed to travel would readily recognize as a railroad official. There was an air of good-nature and energy about him that inspired confidence. You would have appealed to him in danger or difficulty with the conviction that he was both able and willing to help.

As he passed quietly, seeking a place to sit down, his eye rested for a second upon the face of our wakeful clerical friend. He was instantly interested, and approached him with a scrutinizing look that arrested the attention of the other. In a moment their hands were clasped, and they seemed half locked in each other's arms.

"Why, Charlie, my dear boy, how fortunate I am to meet you! Nothing but the most urgent duty started me out to-night; but I would have come through any storm to meet you."

"I believe you, Walter. But what will you think when I tell you that I was thinking of you

at the very moment when you came into the cars? Your sudden and unexpected appearance stunned me for a moment, and I scarcely knew whether I was sleeping or you were a spirit."

"There was a time when we would have accounted for it by some transcendentalisms, but now I am content to accept such facts without philosophy."

"It's quite a long time, Walter, since I saw you last. Can you remember where it was?"

Walter Langton looked sadly, and seemed to be rallying his memory. But he was not long silent.

"Was it not about ten years ago? Yes, yes!" said he, and a faint sense of pain and confusion played across his fine face. "Yes, it was in a car on this railroad, and we passed together over the same ground that we are passing over to-night."

"Time has not impaired your faculties, Walter, for you answer with the same exactness and confidence as in the old school-days. It was that fact that led me to think about you, and I wondered if you would recollect it."

"I can never forget those days," he replied with singular seriousness. "But I am not the same man now that I was then."

"No, Walter, you are a better man; I can see it in every feature of your face, and I am glad it is so. Then you were discontented and growing reckless, I thought. I had fears that you were on the road to ruin, which have always been in my mind when I thought of you, although I have never expressed them before now."

"You are right. I was going to ruin when you saw me last."

"But you are not going to ruin now," he returned, with a brotherly tenderness.

"No, thank God!" and his eyes were moist, and his voice trembled in thankfulness.

"Charlie, you and I had one heart and life nearly when we were boys. You don't know how it shamed me ten years ago when we met on the cars, and I felt that you were doing God's work in this world, and that I had grown unworthy your company. But it's not so now. Shall I tell you how I fell away from God and all goodness, and how I came back to a new and better life?"

"Yes, by all means."

"When I saw you last my wife, utterly wrecked in health, was in a lunatic asylum, and my little daughter was living away from me among friends. My life, which had been happy far beyond my deserving, had grown dark. I was fretful and discouraged, and wondering whether it would not be a good thing to die and be out of the

way. My heart was growing hard. It seemed to me that God was against me, and it was foolish to hope.

"In less than three months from that time I buried my little daughter. It was one of those fierce diseases that the heats of Summer generate that are so fatal to little ones. It's a hard stroke to have a child that you love suffer any harm. Perhaps you know something about it. Ah, yes! I see that you have had some such experience yourself."

"Yes, I know what it means."

"Well, it's hard to go away with the sweet moisture of a child's kisses on your face, and the pressure of a pair of little arms about your neck, and come back again before a month rolls around, and find nothing but a little grave with fresh sods of grass upon it, and a handful of faded flowers to mock your hopes.

"But I think," he continued, "I could have gotten over this blow if it had not been for my other troubles. They gave me to understand that my wife's condition of mind was hopeless, and that her life was ebbing away day by day. I went to see her. Pardon me," he said after a pause, and wiping away his tears, "I can not speak of it. I was entirely overcome, and I think the keepers of the asylum consulted whether I ought also to be taken under their care. In my depression I yielded to the temptation of seeking relief in drink. I was led on partly by my own morbid physical condition, and partly with the hope to get relief from my heavy heart troubles. I made the acquaintance of bad men, as a matter of course, and grew worse and worse.

"It's a terrible thing, Charlie, to be falling away from virtue and goodness day by day, as I was, and to be stupidly conscious of it all the time; to feel that you ought to break away, and yet have the conviction haunt you that an evil fate controls your steps. You get no happiness out of all your misdoings, and you fear to look steadily at the future or even to think of it. God's promises seem to be taken back one by one, and the sky grows darker and darker, till you no longer look up at all, neither to sigh for what you have lost, nor to pray for something better. At last my wife died. I knew it was a mercy to both of us, but the spirit of insubordination had possession of me. I saw the folly of rebellion against God's will, and yet recklessly persisted in it. I grew moody and ill-tempered, till I found myself without employment of any kind. For a time I was no better than a vagabond, wandering here and there, growing confirmed in my bad habits rather than actually worse in character. Wherever my fancies or

necessities carried me in my wanderings, I came back at times to the place where my wife and child were buried. How often, prostrate on the ground beside their quiet sleeping-place, did I promise to do better! I did make some weak attempts at reformation but easily failed, and each failure strengthened the conviction that possessed me that God had cast me off."

"Did no one come to your help in all those days? It seems to me that men are lost when they become outcasts."

"I was away, you know, from all my early friends and associates. I shunned the face of all whom I had ever known."

"If you could have best seen how God was caring for you!"

"Let me tell you how he did care for me. One day in my wanderings, not caring at all what became of me, I came to a little village, Millgrove. I was sicker at heart than ever before. Strange to relate, for a whole day the idea of drinking to dissipate grief or invigorate my wretched system, never came into my mind. I passed by a place where men were carousing, and became conscious of a repugnance for liquor, and had no disposition whatever to indulge, as was my custom upon every opportunity. Wandering on through the village, I sat down on the bank of a little stream over which a dam had been built for a large mill a short distance below. For the first time in my life the thought of self-destruction came into my mind. Many a time before had I wished myself dead and out of trouble, but not dead by my own hand. I said to myself that death was inevitable soon, that I had nothing to live for, and it would be just as well to meet it then as a month or year hence. This was the tenor of my thoughts when a shrill, childish scream startled me, and a glance in the direction from which it came showed me a child struggling in the water. In a moment, without a thought, so vigorous was the impulse, I plunged into the water and brought the child safely to the shore. It was a little girl not more than twelve years old, the daughter of a man in humble circumstances employed in the mill.

"The parents, who had heard the scream and hurried to the spot, overwhelmed me with thanks; and the quick eye and tender heart of the mother detected that I was footsore and dispirited in mind. I can not tell you how gladly I accepted the shelter of their humble home, which they pressed upon me in words that would admit of no denial. They were plain, intelligent Christian people, who had never seen any thing of the world, nor had any great experience of sorrow such as I had. They were kind and sensible

enough not to ask me many questions about myself, nor to press me by any excess of services. I think they comprehended in some way that I had been unfortunate, and was ashamed of the condition in which they saw me.

"That night, as I laid awake for a long time, restless, and my blood hot with fever, my whole life passing in review before, there came to me a glimmer of hope. The thought came to me, and I found myself cherishing it as a drowning man clinging to the wreck, that if God had given me up utterly to misery and ruin, he would not have put it in my way to do so worthy an act as to save the life of an innocent, loving little child. It had been a long time since I had done any thing upon which I could look with the least satisfaction. But this action, which I knew to be generous and worthy, seemed to bridge over many past days of sin and worthlessness, and I said, I will try and do better. I had no plans, nor did I try to form any; there was only the determination to redeem my life.

"The next day I was sick, prostrate, and wretched, and the thirst for drink came upon me, and then a fever raged for days, and, as they told me afterward, the wildest delirium they had ever witnessed. How thankful I was that I was still alive, and it touched me deeply to see that they were even more thankful than I was. That evening, when they thought I was asleep, I heard the father plead for me in their service of family prayer with such tenderness, and with such assurance of Christ's sympathy for such as I was, that tears came to my eyes, and something like hope and repose to my heart. But as I grew stronger the folly and sin of my life appeared so terrible that I am confident that I should have despaired except for love and faith which found utterance in the morning and evening at the family altar. There was a quiet, intelligent minister in the village who came two or three times to see me; no doubt he would have been glad to do me any service, but he evidently did not understand my case, and seemed to be at a loss what to say. Perhaps I was only slowly returning to my former self, and had strange ways. I know that I was in a kind of torpor, sensitive only to my sin and degradation on the one hand, and to sympathy on the other hand.

"The little daughter whose life I had saved, and who was the only child was constant in her services and devotion to me, and I began to feel that her presence was necessary to my comfort. Her sweet spirit seemed to drive away all evil thoughts from my mind. She was of unusual intelligence for one of her years, and well advanced in her studies at school, reading

in such books as she was familiar with in a quiet, appreciative way that was very attractive to one feeble in body and heart sore as I was.

"One afternoon—I had grown strong enough to sit up, but had not yet been out of the house—I asked her to read to me out of the Bible in which she had been studying her lesson for the coming Sabbath. It was the fifteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel that she had been studying. I don't for a moment doubt that God ordained it all, in that infinite care and compassion that he has for us even when we are entirely unconscious of his presence, and that the story of the Prodigal Son, that has comforted so many thousands of wounded, sobbing hearts, was the one portion of all that Christ said that I then needed. I was thinking that certainly God was not trifling with me in all that had happened in the few past weeks, but had some mercy and love yet in store for me, when she turned her eyes full upon me, and said to me in that charming honesty of childhood that is more striking than art:

"If I were you, I would go back to Jesus!" and tears started in her eyes, and she began to sob as if her heart would break.

"My own heart throbbed, and a new sense of my wretchedness, and the great distance I had wandered from God and the happy experiences of my early days came rushing upon me, forced some pleadings for mercy from my lips. But there was nothing but dense darkness on every hand. I was conscious of nothing but myself and God. In despair I cast myself upon the bed near by, hiding my face from the light. I do not know how long it was, but I felt her little hand touching mine, evidently in proof of her sympathy, and perhaps fearing that she had done unwisely in saying any thing.

"I said aloud, more from the simple unrest of my soul than from any expectation of help, 'Will God have mercy on me!'

"She responded with confidence and surprising promptness, 'Did he ever refuse to have mercy on any one who came to him?'

"'I will go to Jesus,' was the instant exclamation of my soul. 'I am weary, and heavy-laden, and athirst, and I need such help as the blessed Savior gave to men when he was on the earth.'

"At once the tumult of my soul was quieted, and I began to acquire confidence in Christ's willingness to help me, and soon I was conscious of his presence, and tenderness, and forgiving love. I knew that the bonds in which I had been held all the weary, sinful years in which I had refused to hear his voice, were broken, and that life, and blessing, and Divine

favor were mine, and that I needed nothing more. Lines and verses of sweet hymns that I had learned when I was but a child, but which I had not thought of for years, came to my mind as the fitting expression of my new hopes and feelings. Passages of God's Word that had been a strange language to me, were now full of light and consolation, and my heart was full of comfort. My wife and child that had gone from me seemed now to come back, and were again the partners of my joys.

"But that which touched the depths of my soul was the assurance that it was Christ who had saved me from ruin. You can never have the consciousness of this that I had. You have never been in the paths where for years I wandered, nor had such experiences of being overthrown and held in bondage, and being hurried on to certain ruin as I had. It was out of the depths that I cried unto God, and he heard me and came to my help."

"But that which interests me most," said the other, "for I have heard many such experiences of God's mercy as this which you have related to me, is the means which God made use of in your conversion. A little child shall lead them, is one of the promises of the Divine Word, and here we have it proven in your case."

"Sometimes when I look back I can not see any other path by which I could have been taken back to Jesus. I do not think that a man, and especially a minister, could have directed me and led me as this child did. I had prejudices and doubts that, without any choice or design of mine, would have arrayed themselves in opposition to all such approaches. Yes, I clearly see in Christ's method with me a proof of his love and tenderness. He shows the wounds in his hands and in his feet to those who have such faith."

"And now, Walter, what are you doing since you have learned to believe in Christ?"

"With my new life came an intense desire to make my life profitable, and in some way to make amends for my folly. The way for a profitable livelihood opened before me without my seeking it, and in employment that I had not thought of. I am in a responsible position on this railway. I have what you would call probably an unaccountable desire to save life. My duties here are all in this direction, or, at least, they take that direction in my mind. It is my duty to see that this is a *safe* road. Others are concerned for the comfort of those who travel with us, and others still aim to make the road profitable to those who have invested their money in it, but my only thought and labor is to make it safe."

Both sat in silence for a moment as in reverie, when the shrill whistle of the locomotive announced again that they were approaching a station.

"What! are we at Oakhurst so soon, and I must leave you? Good-by, Charlie. Thank God that I have seen you again! I shall be stronger for having had your hand in mine again."

They rose clasping hands. "Be faithful, Walter."

"I have no other hope. The one conviction of my life is, that I have no strength except as I follow Jesus."

When the train was in motion I opened my eyes and said to my clerical friend, "A noble man, I should say. One worth knowing."

"You heard his story, did you?"

"Not a word escaped me."

"It is such experiences as his that makes the Divine life in men a revelation of Christ, and keeps faith in him fresh in the world."

"I should not wonder if God had some special work for him to do."

"Yes, sir, and he is doing it now."

CONDENSING.

DURING the timid days, when men crept along coasts, hardly venturing out of sight of familiar landmarks, there was little use for condensing apparatus. The sailor could go ashore for supplies: the landsman had them within reach. But since the pigmies that inhabit this little planet have learned to creep from pole to pole, and to scamper over continents, deserts, oceans, here, there, every-where, they must be able to carry in a satchel what they need for a season's campaign. These are the days that rushed and clattered before the prophet's ken. He cried out, when he caught a glimpse of the jostling and crowding, the din and confusion, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased!" People are skimming over the seas by the thousands. They are scrambling to this point, where a wonder is to be seen; to that, where the opening of a mineral vein promises a golden harvest. Science and invention must keep pace with their hurry. When men push out into new territory, where caravansaries are few and small, they must carry their food with them. Who would have thought, a few years since, that an ox could be brought down to small enough compass to go into a soldier's knapsack—and this without a pound of waste? all the nutriment in the unwieldy carcass extracted, solidified, and caked for carrying?

A few weeks since, a half day in Elgin, one of our thorough-going Illinois towns, gave an opportunity for a peep at the apparatus and processes by which these marvels of convenience are wrought. The machinery is simple, the operations far from complex, yet the results are wonderful.

While the larks are rehearsing their morning psalm, farmers' wagons are rattling over the country to the Condensing Factory. Housewives glance after them with a sigh of relief, glad that instead of the old dash churn, pounding more rheumatism into their shoulders than they obtained butter from the cream, they can strain the milk into cans, and see it trundled off to the factory; handing the hard work over to tireless steel muscles and steam energy.

The dairyman takes the sheet of rules out of his pocket and looks them over. The days of cheating are at an end in this department. No guess work now. Science has taken the thing into its wise hands. It smells, tastes, measures, and weighs the contents of every can; and a departure from honesty or cleanliness will send him home with his load, in disgrace, and minus his money. One strange little item, just here. The lady who has the oversight of this department told us that one quart of bad milk would make the whole quantity, with which it was mixed, become as worthless as itself. I wonder if there is any thing like this in the moral world.

Probably the people who use this factory-made diet would find their squeamishness allayed, by a look at the woman who not only oversees, but in-sees every point and process of the work. Not an iota of dirt escapes her keen eyes. Not a careless or slovenly stroke eludes her vigilance. A thousand pities we could not have woman's neatness brought to bear upon all articles prepared, in the mass, for the palate. This Condensing Factory is a model in this particular: it employs both men and women, and does not fix the wages of one sex at one-half those of the other, no matter what their relative value may be. The hands are paid for their work by the piece. A premium is put upon deftness and industry, rather than upon caste. Each workman in the tin room, where the cans are made, puts his or her mark upon each piece. The work is carefully tested, and the careless ones fined for each flaw.

After the testing, and straining, and cooling, the milk is poured into the "heating well," where a certain quantity of the best sugar is added. Then it is pumped, boiling hot, into the condenser. This is simply a large, close boiler, from which the air has been exhausted. In this vacuum the milk boils at so low a temperature,

there is no danger of its being scorched. In three or four hours it is reduced to one-fourth the original quantity. It loses nothing in the condenser that is necessary to its nutritiousness or taste.

It is carried up-stairs by machinery, cooled as quickly as possible, put into cans, and sealed air-tight, ready to be sent to the world's end. Nothing can harm it while its tin case is kept whole. It can defy cold or heat, any climate, any change. It has been drawn hither and thither, up and down, boiled and cooled, till only the intrinsic worth is left, and now it has nothing to fear. I wonder if we humans are not in a condenser, in this troublesome, pitch-and-toss life.

In another part of the establishment the old principle of centrifugal force, that we learned about in our stupid, dog-eared "Philosophy," so long ago, never supposing it could be of any mortal use, is here set at cheese-making. The curd is put into a wire frame, and the whey is whirled out of it.

In yet another department sirloin and roasts are brought down to watch-pocket compactness. The utmost care is taken that the animal to be condensed shall be full of healthy, juicy substance. Then he must be brought quietly to the end of his clover-field life. His natural heat must be iced away as quickly as possible. Then the steam servant seizes him, stews him, tosses out his bones, throws off his fat, takes him upstairs, down stairs, through the condenser, till for every hundred pounds of beef, only fourteen are left. An ordinary cow can be condensed to a cubic foot in bulk. A man can carry soup material for a month's dinners in his vest pockets.

In this same factory coffee and fruits are condensed. Exhilaration enough for a whole Sabbath-school picnic in a pound can of coffee! A morning's picking of blackberries in a tea-spoon!

What a fine thing would it be for some one to invent a condensing apparatus for the intellectual world! Put all the talk of an afternoon's round of calls, a tea party, a sociable, an evening in a gentlemen's club-room, or any other room where male gossips do congregate—all into such a condenser at once, and how much food, nutriment, worth would you have left? Suppose our public journals were taken through the condenser. How many of them would come out mere paper rags, printer's ink, and foul gases? Much of our magazine writing would fare little better. Even such a condenser as a fairly discriminating brain, behind a pair of sharp eyes, makes its way through an ordinary monthlv in

an incredibly short time. Pencil and note-book lie idly at hand. Possibly one line in five hundred is worth a second reading. One in a thousand may be fit to lay by for use. One in ten thousand will answer to work up into mental and spiritual tissues. Young writers are favored with abundant advice from old knights of the quill, most of it bearing directly upon this point. A reform might be hoped for but for the sad examples set by the sage advisers. When one has made a name that gives double force to every sentence, the temptation to dilute is quite too strong for ordinary intellectual integrity. Merit is usually sacrificed to bulk.

According to the French proverb, the adjective is the natural enemy of the noun. "I'll slaughter your adjectives," growls a critic of the "raw beef and vitriol punch" order. Nevertheless the adjectives are thrown in, just as the peas go into the coffee, and the good leaves into the tea. Bryant gives some good advice to beginners; though, after all, I fear each of us must learn under the hard ferule of experience. He advises the young writer to avoid French expressions. He says: "I think if you will study the English language, you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas you may have. Never use a long word when a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual industry; a place, a place, not a locality. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

"No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words, or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying about bladders of strange gases to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, if he lives on common air. Sydney Smith once remarked, 'After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is.'"

I believe a literary condenser might be managed upon these principles: Write only what somebody needs to know. Write it as attractively as may be, and at the same time as simply and directly. In literature, as in dress, there must be no borrowed finery. A profusion of ornaments, so far from displaying taste, murders it. Simplicity must be the rule; elegance, if one can afford it.

This is a condensed age. Men not yet gray are older than Methuselah. When life was measured by centuries condensing must have been of little account. What were a few scores of empty years, more or less? But now so

much is to be done, so much is possible—such glorious avenues open in all directions. We can not take the time to wade through libraries of words in quest of an idea. Who that purposes to work out the measureless good that the great God thrusts into his hand, can spend the priceless hours tossing up Dickens's aromatic chaff, only to get from it that good young people marry well and live happily, while bad ones come to grief, and it is a fine thing to be kind and benevolent.

Recently a set of books have flung themselves before the public eye, printed in signboard style, wide margins, type so large that he who runs may read. One might think they called loudly for the condenser. O, no; they are no cheats. We know that we are buying paper and pictures, with a little reading matter thrown in, by way of explanation. They flatter our vanity. They look so immense; and yet we master them at a sitting. Why, what readers we are!

There are books full of great swelling words, pretending to be somewhat when they are nothing—books pharisaically pious, books blasphemously irreverent, books full of cant, books full of sentimental fol de rol, all human husk, with not a grain of God's truth in them. I would vote them all, not into the condenser, but into the fire.

Nowadays teachers pick the hard words out of scientific treatises, as the bones were picked out of the beef. They condense their meaning, and bring it down to the comprehension of the public-school children. Sabbath-school teachers are learning this art also. The best disciplined brain teaches them simplicity and strength.

There is one book that comes to us a model of compact thought—God's book, ablaze with the brilliants of imperishable truth. Let us imitate it in what we may want to say to the world.

AT THE GATE.

I HAVE no power
In tempted hour
The snare to shun;
No wisdom, I,
Thé right road to descry,

Only as Thou, my God, the power doth give,
Only as I Thy wisdom do receive.

No strength have I;
My heart doth try
Its powers in vain,
One step to gain

Up the straight steep that climbs to Heaven's gate,
Only as I, my God, upon Thee wait.

I to the end
Thy strength must spend.

No riches I;
 No houses, money, lands.
 If I do hold them, Thou hast only lent;
 Way never yet was found whereby
 For things I most do need they could be spent.
 No righteous robes to cover me; my hands,
 My heart I lift, empty, for their supply.
 Of every thing my soul hath need;
 But give me now, indeed,
 Only the wealth, dear Lord,
 From heavenly hoard.

A beggar, see! I stand
 With asking hand;
 With asking heart, indeed,
 Sore is my need!
 - Naked, and blind, and poor,
 Behold, O gracious Lord, me at Thy door!
 Wretched and miserable, I come to gain
 Cure for my pain.
 I heard Thy voice: "I counsel thee," I heard—
 My heart it fluttered like a wounded bird
 Lifting its wings for life—
 "I counsel thee to buy of Me!"
 O, pitying Lord! now do I come to Thee.

Supply me, Lord, I pray!
 Thou canst not say me nay!
 Gold thou hast promised, gold tried in the fire;
 True gold, not dross; dross is this world's poor gold;
 Not this my hands would hold!
 But gold that shall pass current at heaven's gate;
 That in my sweet estate
 Yonder, through all the ages shall not dim!
 Lord, give me gold!
 Clear Faith, that shall behold
 Thee with an eye untroubled, though the clouds
 Thicken about me, and the darkness shrouds;
 Faith that shall keep fast hold of Thee, when all
 The props to which my weak heart clings do fall.

Faith, growing stronger still,
 When even Thy will
 Seemeth to my blind eyes 'gainst me to move.
 Fair Hope give me—Hope looking far above
 This land of tears—
 Hope, casting anchor down through all the years,
 Clinging with firm, true hands that will not fail,
 To the fair Land of Life within the veil.

And over all Thy gifts, dear Lord, give me
 Sweet Charity!
 That love which is the root,
 And perfect fruit,
 The Alpha and Omega of Thy will:
 The end, beginning, and the center still
 Of all Thou dost fulfill.
 That love which reacheth up to heights unknown,
 And sinks to depths of sweetness unexplored;
 Whose infinite lengths and breadths Thine eye alone
 Hath ever measured. Yea! this love give me,
 Whose glory filleth heaven's immensity!
 But even unto my heart's poor, puny room
 Its light may come, its songs, its grace, its bloom,
 O cover me with its pure robes of white,

So in thy sight
 Their clinging sweetness over me shall flow,
 And all my paths shall know
 Only the pureness and the strength of love.

Mine eyes anoint, O Thou that givest sight!
 That they no more be dim and bleared with sin;
 But strong and clear their vision shall embrace
 The radiant prize which crowns the victor's race;
 Shall see afar, above the battle's din,
 Above the smoke and tumult of the fight,
 The blest inheritance that fadeth not;
 Crown incorruptible; nor stain nor blot
 Marreth its perfect beauty. Lord, I wait
 Here at Thy gate.

I hear Thee saying, "Knock! and unto thee
 It shall be opened, even unto thee!"
 I hear Thee saying, "Ask! thou shalt receive."
 Lord, I believe!

ONE LINK GONE.

TAKE the pillows from the cradle
 Where the little sufferer lay;
 Draw the curtains, close the shutters,
 Shut out every beam of day.

Spread the pall upon the table,
 Place the lifeless body there;
 Back from off the marble features
 Lay the auburn curls with care.

With its little blue-veined fingers
 Crossed upon its sinless breast,
 Free from care, and pain, and anguish,
 Let the infant cherub rest.

Smooth its little shroud about it;
 Pick its toys from off the floor;
 They, with all their sparkling beauty,
 Ne'er can charm their owner more.

Take the little shoes and stockings
 From the doting mother's sight;
 Pattering feet no more will need them,
 Walking in the fields of light.

Parents, faint and worn with watching
 Through the long dark night of grief,
 Dry your tears and soothe your sighing—
 Gain a respite of relief.

Mother, care is no more needed
 To allay the rising moan;
 And though you perchance may leave it,
 It can never be alone.

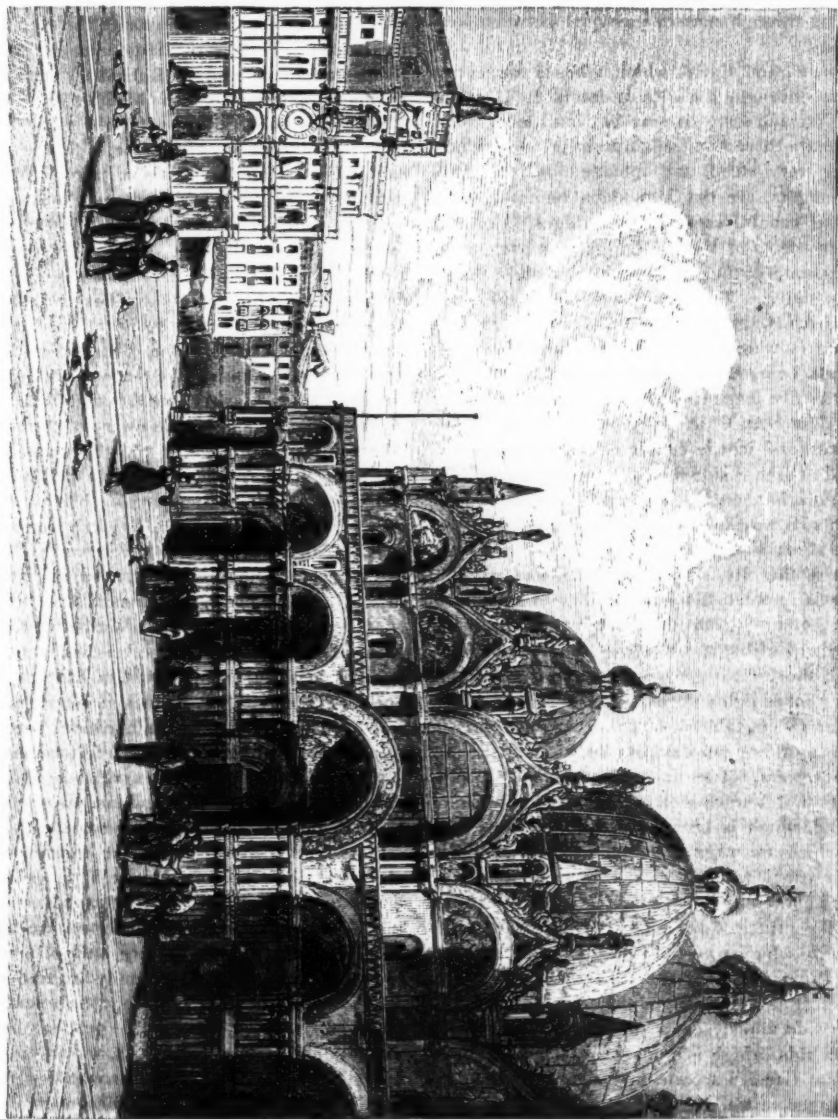
Angels bright will watch beside it
 In its quiet, holy slumber,
 Till the morning then awake it
 To a place among their number.

Thus a golden link is broken
 In the chain of earthly bliss,
 Thus the distance shorter making
 'Twixt the brighter world and this.

BEAUTIFUL VENICE.

VENICE once had the name of being the "Queen of the Adriatic," and then she was one of the largest and most powerful commercial cities of the Mediterranean; but the

discovery of the passage to India by water, around the Cape of Good Hope, was the signal for her decline. Every year the ceremony of espousing the Adriatic took place, and then the Doge, in his state barge, went out to the Adriatic and dropped a ring into the sea. Napoleon



ST. MARKS.

first interrupted and put an end to this ceremony. Venice is built upon seventy-two islands. The main part of the city is built upon forty-two islands, closely clustered together; and there are thirty others upon which various public and private institutions are built. The houses are

very high, and most of the canals high, so that, viewing the city from any lofty position, it looks as if the principal part was built upon a single island. The Grand Canal is, as its name implies, the principal canal of Venice. It is very broad, and has a winding course through the

city. Numerous smaller canals run into it. These canals are bridged over, so that foot passengers can travel from one part of Venice to the other. There is not such a thing as a carriage in the city, and even traveling about on horseback is not to be thought of. The travel from one part of the city to the other on foot is through narrow passages between lofty houses.

The Grand Canal, which takes a serpentine course through the city, is intersected by one hundred and forty-six smaller canals, over which there are three hundred and six bridges, which, being very steep, and intended only for foot-passengers, are cut into steps on either side. These canals, crossed by bridges, form the water-streets of Venice, the greater part of the intercourse of the city being carried on by means of gondolas. The gondola supplies the place of coaches, as carriage and even horseback riding is wholly out of the question here, the streets being so very narrow, not usually over four or five feet in width, with the exception of the *Merceria*, which is from twelve to twenty feet across, in the center of the city, which is lined on either side with handsome stores. The gondola is therefore *the* mode of conveyance; it cuts its way so rapidly through the water that in a short time you may be able to visit every part of the city. They are long, narrow, light vessels, painted black, according to an ancient law, containing in the center a cabin nicely fitted up with glass windows, blinds, cushions, etc.; those belonging to private families are much more richly decorated. One gondolier is generally considered sufficient, and the price is then four lire per day, but double that fare for two rowers. The most pleasant and healthy portion of Venice is in the vicinity of the Grand Canal, which is broad and deep, on either side of which are magnificent palaces and churches. This canal, which varies from one hundred to one hundred and eighty feet in width, is crossed by the principal bridge of the city, the famous *Rialto*, which was built of marble by Antonio da Ponte in 1591, and, like other bridges of Venice, has stairs, by which people ascend on one side and descend on the other. The view from this bridge is remarkably fine; the beauties of Grecian architecture meet the eye of the stranger on whichever side he feels disposed to turn. It is eighty-nine feet in the span, and is divided into three parts, a narrow street running through the center, with shops on either side, and two still narrower between the shops and balustrade. Its appearance is heavy, and by no means merits the great fame and attention which it has excited.

Venice was the earliest, and, for a long time, the most extensive commercial city in modern Europe. Her origin dates from the invasion of Italy by Attila in 452. Many of the inhabitants of Aquileia and the adjoining territory were compelled to fly from the ravages of the barbarians to the cluster of small islands on which the city is built, opposite the mouth of the Brenta. They were then compelled to cultivate commerce and its subsidiary arts as a means of subsistence. In the fifteenth century Venice was considered by far the richest and most magnificent city of Europe, with the single exception of Rome; and those who visited her were impressed with still higher notions of her grandeur, on account of her singular situation in the midst of the sea. It has been represented as a delightful place to reside in. At first, no doubt, the novelty gratifies and pleases, but it is too monotonous to be a favorite residence for any length of time. The streets being very narrow, the knowledge that you are dependent upon boats to carry you about, and the want of rural beauty, makes one weary of the scene. The saltiness of the water and the changes of tide make it more endurable than it otherwise would be. If the water were fresh it would be uninhabitable. There were formerly no springs or wells, and the inhabitants were compelled to use the water collected in cisterns from the tops of the houses; but in 1847 artesian wells were constructed, which afford an abundant and more agreeable supply. The Venetians are improving their taste for the cultivation of fruit, flowers, etc. Very extensive gardens, constructed by the French, excite much admiration, from the peculiar manner in which they are formed; the serpentine walks, fine trees, shrubbery, different views of the islands and lagoons, make this an agreeable and interesting promenade.

The houses occupied by the upper classes are from three to four stories high, generally built square, and have two entrances, one on the Grand Canal, and the other on the street. Some of the finest palaces are built of marble; the rooms occupied by the family are frequently small and badly ventilated, in consequence of setting apart the most desirable portions for the exhibition of statuary, paintings, and other works of art. Venice is a very reasonable place to reside in; rents are low, and living uncommonly cheap; society is pleasing and unrestrained, and foreigners are well received, and are usually much pleased. The manners and morals of the Venetians have been very much misconstrued and exaggerated, and what was merely holiday amusement was deemed by some to be corruption of morals.

Piazza San Marco is of an oblong form, six hundred feet by three hundred; it is the only open space of any magnitude, and, with the piazzetta leading to it, forms the state entrance to Venice from the sea. On one side is the old palace of the doges, on the other the mint and library of St. Mark; the architecture is regular, fresh, and modern, and forms a striking contrast to that of its neighbors. Two magnificent granite columns, each of a single block, one bearing the statue of St. Theodore, protector of the republic, and the other crowned with the winged lion of St. Mark, stand on the fourth side of the piazzetta, on the sea-shore. Public executions formerly took place between these two columns. On two of its sides are regular buildings with arcades; on the north is the long row of buildings called the *Procuratie Vecchia*, on the south the *Procuratie Nouve* and *Libreria Vecchia*. The Piazza and neighboring buildings are frequented daily at the hour of two, simultaneous with the striking of the great clock of the Torre dell Orologio, by a large flock of pigeons, which is fed at that place at the expense of government—so it is said by some authors—and, although government receives the credit of it, yet, as the story runs, they are fed and cared for by the liberality of an old lady, widowed and childless, who left a large amount to be expended for this purpose, she having been much interested in their welfare during her life.

The number of fine private residences is quite large, mostly built on heavy piles or massive structure; they are, however, with the exception of those built by Palladio, Sansovino, Scamozzi, and a few other eminent architects, devoid of good taste, and are more remarkable for their gorgeous style and great display; they are generally a mixture of Eastern, Roman, and Gothic architecture. Many of the ancient mansions have been pulled down, and the rest mostly deserted. The singularity of style in many of the buildings is peculiarly attractive.

Of all the wonders of architecture in the city of Venice, the church of St. Mark is by far the greatest, both for beauty of conception and beauty of design. To describe it in detail would require a volume; it will, therefore, be the object of the present article to point out, with its origin, its chief characteristics.

St. Theodore was originally venerated as the patron saint of the city, and before the ninth century, a church on the site now occupied by St. Mark's was erected to him, this church afterward serving as chapel to the adjoining Ducal Palace. But when, in 828, the Venetians acquired the body of St. Mark, and deposited it

in the church of St. Theodore, they thought it only right that a relic so prized should have a suitable resting-place. Accordingly, the old church was destroyed and a new one built to St. Mark, who thenceforth became the patron saint of the city. This church, however, was destroyed by fire in 976. It was partly rebuilt on a much grander scale by the Doge Pietro Orseolo, and the work was carried on for nearly one hundred years, the main part of the building being finished in 1071, and consecrated between 1084 and 1096. It was again injured by fire in 1106, but repaired, added to, and embellished by each successive generation, so that it bears the marks of several successive schools of architecture. The principal part of the building of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries is Byzantine, of which the chief characteristics are the round arches to the doors and windows, and the cupolas; the Gothic pinnacles, upper archivols, and window traceries were added to the exterior at the close of the fourteenth century, as well as the great screen and various chapels in the interior, while the restored mosaics are of the seventeenth century.

The great characteristics of the building are the exquisite proportion of all its parts, its incrustation with precious marbles, and the number of its variegated columns. It has been computed that there are in the exterior and interior more than five hundred pillars. The early builders of Venice were unable to procure marble and stone in sufficient quantities to make their buildings entirely of these metals, they; therefore, built them of brick, and the marbles and other precious stones, obtained from Constantinople and other cities, were split up into layers and fastened on to the surface of the bricks, the surface of the layers being often wrought with delicate tracings and sculpture. St. Mark's is the finest example of this method of treatment. There are five doors, all of bronze, in the principal or western façade fronting St. Mark's place—the grand entrance, under a succession of beautifully sculptured arches, being in the middle. From this the arches of the two doors on each side, with those of the two porticos, one at each extremity of the façade, are arranged in a gradually lessening proportion. The archivols of these are wonderfully carved, while the recesses above the doors are filled with mosaics. On each side of the doors are clusters of pillars—in two ranges—of porphyry, alabaster, deep-green serpentine, and fine marble, with their capitals richly sculptured. Above the arches of the doors is a round-arched balustrade running round the whole of the exterior of the building.

At different intervals in the walls are inserted tablets of ancient sculpture. From the lower story of the building springs another series of white arches, edged with scarlet flowers, sheltering another series of Scriptural mosaics, their crests bearing statues of saints, and at their sides other canopied statues; and above these again, springing from the roof, are seen five white domes, a large one rising over the middle of the Greek cross, which is the plan of the church, and a smaller one at each of the four sides. In the archivolt of the large upper central arch is a sculptured lion of St. Mark, in a blue field covered with golden stars.

In the interior of the building a vestibule extends along the whole of the front, the roof covered with mosaics, and supported by many columns of precious marble. The choir is divided from the nave by a rich screen of fourteenth century work. The principal pillars that carry the nave and transepts are fourteen in number, each a single block of white alabaster veined with gray and amber, fifteen feet in height, and six feet two inches in width. The walls are sheathed with alabaster, the roof and the interior of the domes are filled with mosaics on a golden ground, while the floor is a tessellated pavement of many colors, and of varied and fantastic designs.

The interior of the church is but very dimly lighted by small apertures like stars set in the domes of the roof, and by the silver lamps that are always burning before the altars of the numerous chapels, so that it is difficult, even after the eye has become accustomed to the "dim religious light," to examine minutely all the wonders that the place contains, so beautifully described by Mr. Ruskin in the following passage from the "Stones of Venice." "Under foot and over head, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds, that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal: the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together."

Our illustration, taken from the celebrated Piazza of St. Mark, will serve to give the reader an idea of the wonderful beauty of the exterior of this building, though it can not show the marvelous beauty of the mosaics, and the coloring with which the cathedral is so profusely decorated.

The Doges' Palace was built some five hundred years ago, and is still a very fine building. The entrance is by the "Giant's Staircase," so

called from the two immense statues of Mars and Neptune at the head of them. At the head of this staircase once gaped the lion's mouth which received the secret communications of plots, etc., against the republic. The lion's head was taken away by Napoleon I. Any person having a grudge against one in authority could denounce him to the State by simply dropping a note in the lion's mouth, accuse him of plotting against the Government, or some other high crime; and this was enough to secure his downfall, if not death. This was used more to satisfy private revenge than to benefit the State. Numerous instances, where innocent nobles and great men perished, are told by the guides. Of course you can take them for what they are worth, *cum grano salis*. At the head of the Giant's Staircase the coronation of the Doges used to take place. In the hall of the Great Council is the greatest oil-painting in the world, by Tintoretto.

It is eighty-four feet wide and thirty-four feet high. Its subject is Paradise. There are numerous other paintings in this hall representing scenes in the history of Venice. There are the portraits of the Doges from the beginning of the ninth century. One of them has a black veil painted over it, because that Doge plotted against the Republic. In one of the rooms are some old and curious maps made by the ancients; they show very well what ideas they had of the world at that time. Some are cut out in wood. They have the plans of various cities, with their fortifications raised in wood. There are numerous other rooms in this palace which are filled with things of interest. This palace is separated from the criminal prisons by a narrow canal, but is connected with them by a massive stone structure, called "Ponte de Sospire," or Bridge of Sighs. All criminals were first confined in the criminal prisons, and when tried were taken across this bridge to the palace, and if convicted of political crimes were confined in dungeons beneath the palace, and if of any other crime, returned to the dungeons in the prisons. A great deal of sentiment has been wasted by the poets and romancers on this "Bridge of Sighs;" but over its arches none but scoundrels ever passed to prison.

The condition of the dungeon was in accordance with the enormity of their crime. If the offense was not very great, the dungeon was lined with wood, with a plank bed to lie upon; but if it was a heavy punishment, the dungeon was cold and damp, and the air was such that a man could not live in it long. All light was excluded, and bread and water were passed through a small hole. In one of the passages

were all the arrangements for a private execution. The stone is there upon which the prisoner used to sit to be strangled. Then there is an arrangement for carrying off his blood, and a hole which had a spout into which the victim's body was put and slid into a gondola provided for the purpose, and from which was disposed the body. Very few who got into these prisons ever got out of them again. Any kind of escape was impossible. Every passage had numerous heavy doors.

Venice is of the past. There is nothing modern worth seeing. The Clock Tower, which is situated close to St. Mark's, contains a clock of very ancient date, and of an ingenious piece of mechanism. It was commenced in 1494. It has no dial, but Roman numerals show the time every five minutes. On what very much resembles a dial-face are the signs of the zodiac, and twenty-four divisions, numbered from one to twelve. In the center of this face is a globe, representing the earth, and outside of this, on the same face, is a ball, one-half of which is gilded, to represent the moon—the gilded part representing the full moon, and the other part the new moon; outside of this the sun. The face is made up of three concentric circles, so that all the planets maintain the relative position they have in space. The earth revolves on its axis, the moon around the earth, and the sun around them both. The different phases of the moon are shown on the ball; as much of the gilded part is presented as you can see of the moon. Of course this part of the clock is more modern, as many of the movements of these planets were not known before 1500. But few persons then believed in the rotundity of the earth.

Over this is a large gilded statue of the Virgin Mary, and on each side of her is a door. For fifteen days during the year, at certain times of the day, these doors open and five figures walk out, pass before the Virgin, bowing—taking off their hats as they do so—and pass in again at the opposite door. On the top of the tower is a large bell, and on each side is a large bronze figure, holding a large sledge hammer, with which it strikes the hour on the bell. Some years ago one of these men committed a homicide. A party of visitors were upon the tower examining the figures, when, as one of them went to strike the hour, in carrying his hammer back he struck one of the persons, knocking him off the tower and killing him immediately. All these different things are done by the works of the clock, made four hundred and fifty years ago, and now in perfectly good condition.

A SOJOURN IN JAPAN.

III.

THE FIRST SOVEREIGNS OF JAPAN—HISTORY OF ZINMU.

THE history of Japan opens with the story of a conqueror, who came from the southern isles. The annals of the empire represent him as a native prince, lord of a small territory at the southern extremity of Kiu-Siu. Obscure traditions assign to him a foreign origin, the cradle whence his family, and probably he himself sprung, being the small archipelago of the Liu-Kiu Isles, which may be said to link together Formosa and the southern part of China with Japan.

Six centuries before him an expedition had set out from Formosa or the Asiatic continent, conducted by a prince named Taïpé, or Taïfak, and moving on from isle to isle, reached at length the coast of Kiu-Siu. However, the first historical personage whose memoirs have been preserved in the annals of Japan, where he is called Zinmu, made his appearance in the year 667 before Christ. Although the youngest of four sons, his father named his successor at the age of fifteen, and at forty-five he ascended the throne without opposition from his brothers. An old dependent, whose adventures had led him to distant islands, delighted to describe their beautiful shores, which the gods themselves had formerly chosen as an asylum, but which were now inhabited by barbarous tribes at war with each other. He represented to his chief that this people, although skillful in the use of the lance, the bow, and the sword, would be incapable of resisting a disciplined army, protected by iron helmets and breast-plates, since they were clothed only in coarse fabrics and the skins of wild animals.

Fired by the hope of conquest, Zinmu collected his forces, under his elder brothers and his sons, and taking the chief command himself, embarked with them in a few well-equipped junks, and sailed from his native place, which he was destined never to revisit. After doubling the south-east point of Kiu-Siu, they coasted along the eastern side of the island, landing here and there, giving battle to the tribes who resisted them, and forming alliances with such chiefs as were disposed to join in their enterprise. There were evident signs of this coast having been the scene of former invasions, the population consisting of a superior class of serfs bound to the soil. At the time of Zinmu's advent they surrounded themselves with walls and palisades, the warriors being armed with a bow and long-feathered arrows, a long saber with a

chased hilt, and a naked sword fastened in a fold of their belts. Their most precious ornament consisted of a chain of magatamas, or cut jewels, which they wore suspended over the right hip. These jewels consisted of rock crystal, agates, jasper, amethysts, topazes, etc., some egg-shaped, and others carved into the shape of crescents and other forms. The women wore similar chains; and this custom of displaying all their wealth on their persons still prevails in the islands of Liu-Kiu and at Yezo in the north of Japan, but had disappeared in central Japan, under the influence of a greater degree of refinement.



ZINMU. (From a Japanese Painting.)

After ten months of difficult navigation, interspersed with brilliant feats of arms and successful negotiations, Zinmu reached the north-east extremity of Kiu-Siu. From this point he hesitated to proceed farther; but having met with a fisherman sailing courageously in an immense turtle-shell, he placed himself under his guidance as pilot, and safely crossed the strait which separates Kiu-Siu from Nippon. This latter extends from east to west, in the shape of a

semi-circle, which forms the northern shore of a sort of Mediterranean Sea, bounded on the south by the large islands of Sikok and Kiu-Siu, and interspersed with little archipelagoes. Zinmu advanced toward the east, carrying on his movements with great prudence and caution, and leaving no place of importance unsecured; and as the native tribes opposed him vigorously, as well by sea as by land, he fortified himself on the peninsula of Takasima, and spent three years in the construction and equipment of an auxiliary fleet.

On resuming the campaign he completed the conquest of the sea-coast and islands of the inland sea, and then penetrating into the interior of Nippon, he established his rule over the fertile country extending from Osaka to the Gulf of Yeddo. From this period all the cultivated countries and civilized tribes of ancient Japan were in the power of Zinmu. The remainder of Nippon and the southern islands of the archipelago consisted of vast forests, the home of wandering tribes of natives living solely on the produce of the chase, who had been gradually driven toward the north by the invasions of the southern tribes. Along the sea-coast, and in the islands of the northern part of the Pacific, there is still to be met a race of men with squat figures and hairy bodies, and broad, massive features, called by the Japanese Ainos (the first men); and this type is even seen among their own lower classes, and seems to show that the Ainos were the original inhabitants of Japan, especially as this name is never used as a term of reproach, "Yebis" being their equivalent for barbarian.

Japanese civilization seems to me the result rather of a fusion of races than a simple importation; this mixture, without absorption of the native element, having produced a new type, as it has done in the parallel case of Great Britain.

At the end of seven years Zinmu had attained the object of his ambition, but his three brothers had perished—one in battle, and the others victims of their devotion to his cause, having thrown themselves into the sea in order to appease a tempest which threatened the destruction of the hero's junks. Zinmu was believed to be under the special protection of the divinity of the sun, who on one occasion sent a raven to guide him through the dangerous and intricate passes of Yamato, a country which occupies the center of a large peninsula in the south-east of Nippon. It was there Zinmu built a strong castle on a large hill whose summit he caused to be leveled, which he called his "Miako," or head-quarters, and there estab-

lished his court, or "Dairi." Native historians often make use of the word Miako instead of the proper name of the city in which the emperor resides, and that of Dairi for the title Mikado. They say indifferently that such a thing is done by order of the Dairi, or by order

of the Mikado. Zinmu, who had been raised to the throne by the choice of his father, made a law that in future each Mikado should select his successor from among his sons, or in default of them, from among the princes of the blood royal.

CIVIL AND MILITARY OFFICIALS RETURNING FROM DUTY.



Zinmu had a glorious reign of seventy-six years, and at his death—B. C. 587—was enrolled among the number of the Kamis, and his chapel, known by the name of Simoyasiro, is placed on Mount Kamo, near Kioto, where he is still worshiped as the founder of the empire. The he-

reditary succession has remained in his family for more than 2,500 years, without being interfered with by the new power which, under the name of the Tycoon, now governs the empire of Japan. The ancient Mikados were a strong and handsome race, and their wives, who some-

times governed in the capacity of regents, showed themselves worthy of their dignity. One of them, of the name of Zingu, A. D. 201, equipped a fleet, and embarking at the head of a picked army, crossed the Sea of Japan and made the conquest of the Corea, returning to her capital only in time to give birth to a future Mikado.

EARLY INVENTIONS.

It was from the Corea that the Japanese brought the horse, ass, and camel; but the first only of these domestic animals has become naturalized in Japan. The formation of ponds and canals for the irrigation of the rice-fields dates from B. C. 36; the tea-plant was introduced from China; Tatsima Nori brought the orange-tree from "the land of eternity;" and the cultivation of the mulberry and the manufacture of silk date from about the fifth century of our era. Two centuries later they became acquainted with

"The earth which burns like oil and wood,"

and discovered the silver mines of Tsu-sima. Several important inventions date from the third century; for instance, the institution of a postal communication on horseback, the distillation of saki, and the art of sewing, which was taught to the Japanese housewives by workmen from Petsi in the Corea. In the fourth century the Daïri had rice-granaries built in different parts of the empire, in order to prevent the recurrence of famines, which had several times raged among the people. In 543 the court of Petsi sent the Mikado "the wheel which points to the south." The introduction of hydraulic time-pieces took place in 660, and ten years later the use of water-power in manufactories. It was only near the end of the eighth century that the Japanese system of writing was invented; but from the third century the Chinese characters had been in use at court.

The mystery which surrounds their ancient literature prevents our being able to judge the effect which it had upon civilization; but it is interesting to observe the civilizing influence of the fine arts upon them. Formerly it was the custom to sacrifice human victims at the obsequies of the Mikado or his consort the "Kisaki," and they were generally chosen from among their immediate attendants; but in the year 3 B. C., a native sculptor, by name Nomino Sukuné, was daring enough, on the death of the Kisaki, to lay some of his clay figures at the emperor's feet, and proposed to throw them into the tomb instead of the usual funeral offerings. The Mikado not only accepted the substitute, but gave him a signal mark of his favor

by changing his family name to that of Fasi—artist. Their laws remain to the present day more cruel than their customs.

The political administration has been calculated to develop the genius of the nation, and to preserve its strength and originality. In 86 B. C., the Mikado had a census made of the population, and ordered the erection of dock-yards. In the second century of our era, the State was divided into eight administrative circles, and these again into sixty-eight districts. In the fifth century a registrar was appointed in each district to collect and record the customs and popular traditions of his department. An imperial road united the cities, five in number, in which the Mikado held his court in succession; the most important of these in the seventh century was Osaka, on the east bank of the inland sea. The crowning event of founding a capital to be the center of the language, literature, and general civilization of the country, was accomplished in the eighth century, and Kioto has been the favorite residence of the Mikado since the twelfth century.

JAPANESE COSMOGONY—THE CREATION—THE GODS.

In the beginning there was neither heaven nor earth; the elements of all things formed a confused liquid mass, like the contents of an egg in which the white and yolk have been mixed together. From the midst of this chaos there sprang forth a god, who is called the Supreme Being, and whose throne is in the midst of heaven. Afterward came God the Creator, who is over all creation, and then God the Creator, who is the sublime spirit. Each of these three gods had a separate existence, but they were not revealed, except in their spiritual nature. Gradually a work of separation took place in chaos; the subtle atoms quickly rolled away and formed the celestial vault overhead. The grosser atoms agglomerated slowly into a solid body; and thus the earth was not formed till long after the heavens. While the terrestrial matter still floated like a fish sporting on the surface of the waters, or like the image of the moon trembling on the limpid wave, there appeared floating between earth and sky something like a branch of a thorn-tree, endowed with motion, and capable of being transformed. It was changed into three gods, their names being Kuni-toko-datsi, no Mikoto; Kuni-satsu-tsi, no Mikoto; and Toyo-kumu-su, no Mikoto. After these three principal gods, there were four couples of gods and goddesses, namely, Wu-hidsi-ni, no Mikoto, and his companion; Oo-to-tsi, no Mikoto, and his companion; Omo-taru, no Mikoto, and his companion;

lastly, Izanaghi, no Mikoto, and his companion Izanami.

THE LEGEND OF IZANAGHI AND IZANAMI.

One day Izanaghi, the seventh of the celestial gods, determined to call into existence a lower world. He felt attracted toward the new creation which he saw rising from the waves of the ocean, and proposed to his divine companion, Izanami, to descend with him to earth. The goddess willingly accepted his invitation, and the celestial pair, leaning on the balustrade of their ethereal dwelling, considered what part they would select for their intended peregrination. Looking down on the inner Sea of Japan, they with one accord made choice of the beautiful isle of Awatsi, resting like a basket of leaves and flowers on the calm, deep water, protected on one side by the rocks of Sikok, and on the other by the fertile shores of Nippon. Having reached it, they could not sufficiently enjoy the charms of this delightful retreat, now wandering through fields enameled with flowers, now climbing hills to breathe the fragrance of myrtle and orange groves, or sitting on the bank of a cascade, the murmur of whose waters blended with the warbling of birds. The middle of the island contained high mountains, whose summits were crowned with shady pines, camphor-trees, and other aromatic shrubs, and whose sides were pierced with grottoes carpeted with moss and curtained by waving plants.

On beholding these beauties, which they had themselves evoked from the elements, it seemed to them that a terrestrial existence was not unworthy of the gods themselves. Days, seasons, years passed away, and a group of gay children sported around the divine couple, on the threshold of their dwelling in a smiling valley. But as they grew up a veil of sadness clouded the vision of their parents; they could not ignore the fact that all that is born on earth is subject to death, and that their children must sooner or later submit to the inevitable law. The tender Izanami trembled at the thought; she could not realize the fact that she must one day close the eyes of her children, and yet continue to enjoy immortality herself; indeed, she would rather descend with him into the grave. Izanaghi resolved to put an end to a position which daily became more painful, and accordingly persuaded his companion to return with him to their celestial abode, before their happiness should be interrupted by the sight of death, urging that, although their children could not accompany them, he might leave them a legacy which would enable them to hold as

much intercourse with them as their mortal nature permitted.

When the time for parting had come, he exhorted them to dry their tears and listen to his last wishes. He commenced by describing, in language more than human, the perfect and unchanging happiness which is enjoyed by the inhabitants of heaven; he pictured it as a star, which, although far beyond their reach, appeared as though they could touch it from the top of a lofty mountain which bounded the horizon. "Thus," he added, "without possessing that happiness which belongs only to a higher sphere, it depends on yourselves whether you will enjoy the contemplation and anticipation of it by faithfully attending to my commands."

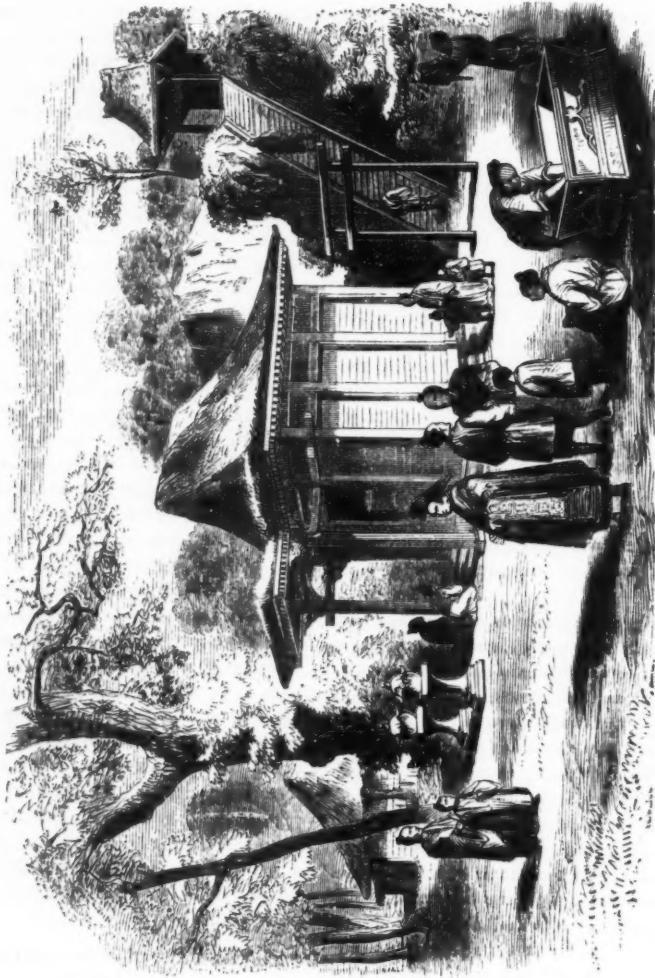
At these words he raised, in his right hand, the disc of polished silver which had so often reflected the image of his divine helpmate, and making his children kneel before him, he continued in a solemn voice: "I leave you this precious relic; it will recall to you the beloved features of your mother, but it will also show you your own image, which will suggest a humiliating comparison. Do not, however, give yourselves up to vain regrets, but endeavor to assimilate yourselves to the heavenly image of her whom you will no longer see on earth. Every morning place yourselves on your knees before this mirror; it will show you the wrinkles engraved on your foreheads by some earthly care, or the agitation produced by some deadly passion. When these marks are effaced, and you are restored to serenity, offer up your prayer to us without hypocrisy, for be assured that the gods read your hearts as easily as you read the image reflected in the mirror. If during the day you feel excited to emotions of anger, impatience, envy, or covetousness, which you are unable to resist, hasten to the sanctuary, and there renew your morning ablutions, your prayers and meditations. Finally, when retiring to rest each night, let your last thought be an act of self-examination and an aspiration toward that better world to which we have gone before you."

THE FIRST ALTAR—THE KAMI RELIGION OF JAPAN.

Here the legend ends; but tradition adds that, on the spot where they received the farewells of their divine parents, the children of Izanaghi raised an altar of cedar-wood, adorned only by Izanami's mirror and two vases made of bamboo-trunks, containing bouquets of her favorite flowers. A simple square hut, thatched with rushes, protected the rustic altar; in bad weather it was closed by sliding-shutters. There

the children of Izanaghi celebrated morning and evening the worship taught them by their father. They lived on earth from generation to generation for a period of from two to three million years, and became in their turn immortal *Kamis*, happy spirits, worthy of divine honors. Science confirms tradition, and proves that, six centuries before Christ, there existed a religion in Japan

peculiar to it, and which had never been practiced elsewhere, as is observed by Kämpfer, and which is preserved to the present time, although in an altered form and in an inferior position to other sects of later origin. It is the worship of the *Kamis*, and has since received various names, borrowed from the Chinese language, which I therefore pass over.



SINTU TEMPLE AT YOKU-HAMA.

It can not be regarded as the worship of the spirits of their ancestors in general, nor of the ancestors of particular families. The spirits worshiped under the name of *Kamis* belong certainly to the mythological or heroic legend which reflects glory upon certain existing families, but they are especially national genii, the protectors of Japan and its inhabitants. Besides, who could the primitive *Kamis* have been if not

the fabulous persons of the national cosmogony, and some others of secondary rank, those genii and mythological heroes who receive divine homage in various parts of Japan, where chapels were erected in their honor in very remote periods? These rustic buildings are known by the name of *mias*, and the most celebrated of them are in the south-west portion of the archipelago, which appears to have been the cradle

of Japanese civilization. Even in these days, and especially in Spring, thousands of pilgrims flock there from all parts of the empire.

The chapel dedicated to Ten-sjoo-dai-zin, in the country of Isy , is supposed to be the most authentic memorial of the primitive religion of the Japanese. K mpfer asserts that the Sin-to istes—which is the Chinese name for this sect—make a pilgrimage to Isy  once a year, or at least once in their lives. “The temple of Isy ,” he says, “is a low, mean-looking building with a thatched roof, situated in a wide plain. Great care is taken to preserve it in its original condition, as a monument of the extreme poverty of its founders, ‘the first men,’ as the Japanese style them. The temple contains only a mirror of cast metal, polished in the native fashion, and pieces of cut paper round the walls. The mirror is placed there as an emblem of the all-seeing eye of the Great Being they worship; the cut white paper represents the purity of the place, and reminds worshipers that they must present themselves with pure hearts, and bodies cleansed from all stain.”

This account, remarkable as it is, is far from giving a perfect idea of the architectural type to which the Kami temples belong. The temple of Isy  belongs to a period when art was in its infancy, and had not attained the purer form which it took under the reign of the first Mikados. Its essential characteristics are the following: In the first place, the situation of the building is a special point, a picturesque spot being always chosen, and one where there are plenty of full-grown trees, with a fine avenue of pines or cedars generally leading up to it, and it is always approached by one of the *Toris* which I have already described. The *mias* are usually built on a hill, which is sometimes artificial, and faced with walls of Cyclopean construction; they are ascended by a staircase, at the foot of which is the chapel for ablutions, consisting merely of a roof covering a stone basin, which is kept full of water. The actual temple is raised one or two yards from the ground, supported by four massive pillars, and surrounded, like most Japanese houses, by a veranda, which is reached by several steps. It is built of wood, closed on three sides, and open in front, although furnished with movable shutters, which can be closed when necessary. The interior of the sanctuary is, therefore, exposed to view, and its severe simplicity is not without an elegance of its own, the wood-work being brilliantly clean, and the mats with which the floor is covered of the finest quality. The metal disc which decorates the altar is effective from its simplicity; and there are no hangings, statues,

or images to distract the attention and interfere with meditation. The roof of the chapel is not the least original part of it; it may be of thatch, slates, or tiles, but the frame-work is always of the same shape—it slopes gradually on both sides, and bends outward toward the base, where it projects over the veranda; and its height is greatly disproportioned to that of the building. It is finished at the top of each gable by two pieces of wood in the shape of a St. Andrew’s cross, and along the point of the roof small spindle-shaped pieces of wood are placed at intervals, a style of ornament of which I have never been able to discover the object.

The strips of white paper mentioned by K mpfer are still in use among the various sects, and are suspended to the walls of the temples, the lintels of the houses, and to the straw ropes which they hang in the neighborhood of some of their sacred places, and in the streets on religious festivals. Still I am inclined to believe that the use of this consecrated paper is an importation from Buddhism, as the priests of that religion make use of little strips of wood surmounted by a tuft of paper-ribbon, like a holy-water sprinkler, which they have before them on entering the temple and approaching the altar to purify the air from evil influences; and this has, doubtless, led to the custom in some of the Kami temples of placing one of these sprinklers on a step of the altar before the sacred mirror.

Among innovations more or less recent, I may mention, first the introduction, at the entrance of some of the *mias*, of two mythological figures in bronze, representing, under fantastic forms, a dog and a kind of unicorn, both crouching on their hind legs, and symbolizing, it is said, the two purifying elements of fire and water; and next, the custom of placing a wooden coffer at the foot of the altar to receive offerings, which sometimes has a grated cover, to prevent the pieces of money which are thrown in being taken out except by the priests, who keep the key; but it as often has a solid cover surrounded by a ledge, on which the devotees throw their “*szenis*” (little iron coins) wrapped in paper. Besides these, I have sometimes noticed a gong or a bunch of little bells suspended to the front of the temples, to enable visitors to summon the priests when absent from the altar. The fact that these objects have been lately introduced into the Kami worship is plainly proved by the circumstance that their religion had originally no priesthood.

The primitive *mias* were, as we have seen, memorial chapels raised in honor of national heroes, like William Tell’s chapel on the lake

of Lucerne. The chief of a country which could boast of one of these monuments watched over its preservation, but no priest served its altar, and no privileged sect interposed between the worshiper and the object of his adoration. The act of worship, performed before the mirror of Izanami, was not limited to the Kami of the particular chapel, but through him to the gods whom he represented; consequently the temple was free to every one, and there was an utter absence of ceremony in the worship. This state of things has not been preserved; the younger members of families were charged first with the superintendence, and afterward with the service of the sacred place. By degrees processions, litanies, offerings, and even miraculous images were introduced. The priests assumed the surplice during the performance of service, but resumed their usual dress and arms on quitting the sacred precincts; they did not form themselves into a distinct caste or class, but instituted an inferior brotherhood of a monastic character, especially devoted to the service of pilgrims, and called Kanouses. The deviation of the Kami worship from its original purity may be attributed to two causes—first, to the foundation of the power of the Mikados; and in the second place, to the introduction of Buddhism into Japanese society.

WOMEN AND THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

MR. MILL'S book on the subjection of women is in a great measure about wives and their miseries, but the atmosphere in it is not the atmosphere of wedlock. We seem to perceive as we read the presence around the philosopher of an audience totally different from that common mass of humanity which toils along the weary ways of the world two by two, with minds so much occupied by practical toils and difficulties as to have little time for fine discussions. A woman in the heat of her natural work, with her husband to care for, and her children to bring up, has seldom leisure to measure herself against him or any other man she meets and speculate which is the tallest. Neither has an ordinary man, with his daily work to do, much time to waste in such speculations. In ordinary life, notwithstanding what the newspapers say, men do not generally despise their wives. They have got to know in most cases after a few years what each other's opinion is practically worth. And their consultations are not biased by any theory about the abstract weight attaching to a man's or a wom-

an's advice. The fact is, it is Mary's opinion and not the abstract woman's which her husband cares for. And when she asks herself what John will say, it is not any immediate sense of subjection to the abstract man which mingles with her anxiety.

But apart from these matter-of-fact, ordinarily occupied people, who fulfill the duties of their several sexes without carrying the distinction consciously about with them, there is a class, of which we desire to speak with all respect, which is gradually becoming more and more influential, so far, at least, as speech goes. We mean the class of highly cultivated, able, mature, unmarried women who have never undergone the natural experiences of their sex, and really feel themselves in the position to compete with men, without fear or favor. This class is rarely taken into account in any discussion of the claims of women, yet it has inspired all such discussions, and is the only portion of the sex which can really benefit by them. Their influence is apparent in every thing—which may be supposed an injurious suggestion to make, but is not really so—for they are, without doubt, intellectually superior to the ordinary mass of women, and still more certainly are much more like men. We repeat that we desire to speak of them with all respect. Looking at them from a point of view totally different from their own, we can yet grant to these exceptional women the applause due to high motives, high spirit, great activity and independence of thought, perfect purity of intention, and the most generous desire to help and further all good works. At the height of life and health, superior to other women by their exemption from all the disabling consequences of marriage, superior to men by their more perfect temperance and self-restraint, it is but natural that they should resent with fiery indignation not unmingled with a certain bitter amusement, the vulgar theory of woman's inferiority. They know themselves full of power to work and act as men do, and can perceive no reason why they should be limited to those arts of domestic management and industry which are the natural accompaniments of a life interrupted by childbirth and absorbed in family cares. Their lives are subject to no interruption; they are as free as men, as able for fatigue, as ready to embark in any venture. Their education may not be so thorough—at least it is probably not classical—but in knowledge of the world and experience of it, in acquaintance with modern literature and the habits of the modern mind, they feel themselves no whit inferior. And if they ever dreamed of union with the other section of humanity, the

dream has either passed away or changed in character.

To them the plea of equality is natural—they have declined to accept any other standing-ground. Why should not all the professions of men be open to them? why should they lie under arbitrary disabilities which have not been laid on them by nature? Our old scruples and precautions are simply unmeaning to them, not because of any unwomanliness on their part, but because they have passed the age at which one set of scruples operate, and have kept themselves free from those engagements which promote another. And if any social reformer asks us candidly why these women should not exercise the suffrage or any other right they happen to covet, we feel ourselves driven into a corner, and have no answer to make. They are as strong, as courageous, as clever as their masculine contemporaries. They have no occasion to hide themselves, no mystery going on within them which shrinks from the eye of day. Their lives stretch on clear before them like those of men, unhampered by any of the usual feminine burdens. In short, they are quite able to stand up and try their strength against the first-comer. And if we are to be asked why should not they? we can give no satisfactory reply. Why not if they like it? is all the faltering response we can make. We might jeer at their boldness, but that is a cheap and not very telling argument. We might thunder against their unwomanliness and beat them back to the level of their sex, but that would be futile, and it would be foolish. They are quite able to judge for themselves, and we have no right to beat them back. If they like it why should not they have votes? Their position is exceptional, and so it is quite possible may be their rights. There is no precedent on the subject. Such a class has no place in the primitive records, and frankly we have no reasoning to bring to bear upon them. They are very well able to manage their own lives and those of their dependents, and we can give no reason why they should not be able to manage a learned profession or some department of public life.

We have our prejudices, but we have no right to guide our fellow-creatures by our prejudices; and no rational creature can assert, at least with any hope of being able to believe his own assertion, that a young fellow of four or five and twenty, just emancipated from the bondage of education, is by mere right of his manhood able to judge on any public or political question better than a highly educated woman ten or fifteen years his senior, who probably fills a much more important place than he does in the

world. Any such assertion would be ridiculous. The woman has most likely fifty times more experience, more practical knowledge, possibly more common sense, almost certainly more education, except as regards Latin and Greek; and to tell us that she is not equally able to choose her county member, or for that matter if she likes it, to propose him on the hustings, is simple nonsense. Why should not she do it, if she has a mind? The question is so utterly unanswerable that it awakens within us a certain comic bewilderment. Why should not she? For our own part we know of no reply.

If she likes it, the chances are that she would be of admirable use in many practical matters, and could work upon committees, and manage poor laws, and education, and reformatory movements, and boards of works, and all of the benevolent political work of the country, as well as any set of men. She is as she declares herself to be, a force unemployed, a capacity going to waste, and if she chooses to enforce and insist upon her rights, we can not see what reasonable argument can be brought against her; nor have we any doubt that she will obtain them in the long run, if she perseveres; and she is sure to persevere.

But the able, steadfast, self-sustaining being above described is not a type of ordinary women; she is not even a type of the mass of the unmarried, whose numbers we have so perpetually dinned into our ears. The authors of "Woman's Work" have a great deal to say for them, and enforce their rights to labor with reasonings sometimes sensible, but sometimes infinitely droll; as when Miss Jessie Boucherett appeals to the men and hairdressers of England with a highly wrought and sometimes indignant eloquence to emigrate, and leave their places to the unemployed women! This question, too, is of an entirely practical character, a matter which can not be settled on any general principle, but rather by the rules of possibility and expediency. We believe, for our own part, for instance, that educated medical women well qualified to treat female diseases would be a great boon to society. In one special branch of practice they would be simply invaluable, and such a consolation to suffering women as only women can fully understand. Even now in the existing state of affairs, the services of women imperfectly educated are eagerly taken advantage of, and the comfort it would be to many a pain-worn creature to see a person of her own sex at her bedside is simply incalculable. Every medical man must know how women shrink from the statement of their own symptoms in serious and delicate cases; and how universally

the patient's story has to be filtered through some female attendant, who may on her part boggle over the tale, and is certainly not bound to understand it. It is easy to laugh at Dr. Mary and Dr. Lucy; and, indeed, laughter has for long been the understood way, and a very cheap one, of begging the whole question. But this special advantage is one which we believe medical men themselves will not deny the truth of, and which women in general, who must be the best judges in the matter, would pray for with all their hearts. There would be of course, to start with, a certain terror of trusting themselves in untried hands; but this doubt has but to be removed to make women unanimous, we believe, on this point.

This is one thing, however, and the education which qualifies for it is another, and there are difficulties in respect to that, and all other professional training, which are far from easy to deal with. Miss Jex-Blake in an essay on the Medical Education of Women, and which is beyond question the most valuable we have yet seen, has given a very clear account of the difficulties attending medical education as respects admission to universities, studying along with the ordinary students, etc. From this it will be evident to the reader, that the steady energy and devotion to her object which a woman must possess in order to acquire the knowledge necessary to her entrance into this profession, are of so high an order as to raise her entirely above the level of those ordinary unenthusiastic neophytes, who do their work because they are obliged to do it, and are doctors because their parents destine them to be so. It can only be a personal choice, and the strongest bias of mind and sense of duty, which could nerve a young woman to confront all these obstacles, and force her way in spite of them. We avow that we do not understand how it can be done at all—but it has been done, and we are not called upon to understand but only to acknowledge the fact. We ought to add to all we have already said, a hope that henceforward the barriers will be removed and the entrance into the fields of learning made easy for every woman to choose it.

But the hope fails somehow at the moment of utterance. Not that we dislike female doctors, or fail to appreciate the admirable places they might fill and the good they would do; but because, frankly, professional education for women is a thing in which our belief is very limited. Of all the numberless crusades of the day there has been none more warm and lively than that which takes up the question of female education generally. There have been so many

words expended on the subject that we are reluctant to enter into it with further waste of breath; but yet it is a branch of the general subject, and can not be dismissed without notice. The result of the present commotion of the public mind on this point seems to be a general feeling that to extend that monotonous classical training in respect to which, for our boys, we now and then take a cold shiver of apprehension, asking ourselves with doubts which it is difficult to silence, is this really the best we can do for them?—to our girls, is to do them the fullest justice, and to provide for all possible necessities.

We are aware, all the same, that when the preparation for actual life commences in any but an academical career, we have to tear our sons away from the traditions of school and compel them to "go in" for a totally distinct kind of training; but yet we are told that an entirely superior new generation of women will be produced when we succeed in tying our girls to the system of education thus proved futile for all but one special class of our boys. This is surely a very unreasonable conclusion. So far as the higher classes are concerned, who can choose their own education, it seems to us that there is a great deal to be said in favor of the present theory, which makes living languages the portion of the sister, while the brother is fighting his way through Ovid and Catullus; and if, as so often happens, it is she, and not he, who reads Dante and Goethe, is she really so much his inferior in point of intellectual training? It is far from our desire to say a word which should imply indifference to the spread of education; but if women are virgin soil, as people say, in this respect, why should we conclude indiscriminately that the thing best to do for them is to extend to them the monotonous supremacy of an education which many of us regard as unsuitable for half at least of the minds at present subjected to it? If ever there was a case for selection, surely this would be the opportunity; though the authorities generally seem to prefer imitation and uniformity. With the same curious repetition of past efforts, we find that the courses of lectures which were to make our working men into sages and heroes, are cropping up again for the benefit of women. Even in such a matter as this are we never to find any thing new under the sun?

But when we turn to the consideration of professional education for girls, we feel that we have returned to the general fundamental conditions of women, and can only argue the one question by an appeal to the other. Professional education in man occupies all the season

of youth. He has reached his majority at least before he is qualified to put his powers to the test, and exercise the knowledge he has gained. Unless he steps into an exceptional position, reaping the benefit of some one else's labors, the first ten or fifteen years of manhood are spent in a struggle for position more or less hard in proportion to his talents and his character, and his power of awaiting a slow result. Under favorable circumstances, of course, this struggle is not mortal, but it always requires the man's full force, his clearest judgment, and most careful labor. If he is prosperously established in the exercise of his profession at thirty-five, with a clear prospect of gain and social honor, he has done as well as he could possibly hope, and can look forward with tolerable confidence on the career before him. During this early struggle he has to exert all his powers; if he pauses for a moment he knows that it is at the hazard not of losing that moment alone, but of sacrificing ten times its value. The road is so up-hill that he slides down one step for every three he makes, and is aware that to stop short or to turn aside on the way is destruction. A temporary illness sometimes neutralizes years of labor; he must be always at his post, pushing on with speed unbroken. Should he fall some one else is ready to jostle him out of the already too crowded way. Such is a very ordinary statement of the usual difficulties which beset the path, say, of a young physician; and the other professions are not less toilsome. Let us see what effect these obstacles would have on the career of the candidate were it a woman and not a man.

The first thing we have to imagine is, that the girl's entire youth, its bloom, and softest years should be passed like that of the young man in the steady pursuit of knowledge. At one-and-twenty, by the devotion of all her youth, she is qualified to enter upon the practice of her profession; when lo! there appears at the threshold of life the most natural of all interruptions to a young woman's career—a young husband ready to take upon himself the charge of her fortunes. She is married let us suppose, her education being no bar to the exercise of the primitive duties of her sex; and let us also imagine that she is loth to sacrifice at a stroke the labors of so many years, and that she attempts to combine professional exertions with the duties of a wife. She works for a year, let us say, with intermissions, finding it more and more difficult to maintain her place against the lively competition of men who have no divided duty. Then she is stopped short by the inevitable discharge of the primary function of

woman. This business over, she resumes again with a heart and attention sorely divided between the claims of the infant she leaves at home and the duties she finds outside.

During the interval of her seclusion, however restricted in point of time, every one of her male competitors has made a stride before her. Faltering and discouraged she resumes her laborious way; and if she has the energy of half a dozen men in her single person, if her courage is indomitable, and her determination sublime, she perhaps manages by a strain of mind and body which it would be impossible to continue long, to make up half of the ground she has lost; when lo! another interruption comes, and she has to step aside again and bear her feminine burden, and see her competitors, light and unladen, stride past once more. This is the inevitable course, known only too well to every woman who has endeavored to combine professional exertions with the ordinary duties of a man's wife. Other complications, such as we shrink from mentioning, probably come in to take all the elasticity out of a mind so burdened. Her children born amid these cares, and injured before their birth by the undue activity of brain which weakens their mother's physical powers, come into the world feeble or die in her arms, quenching out her courage in the bitterest waves of personal suffering.

This is no fancy picture. At every step in her career it becomes less possible to maintain the unequal conflict. Her competitors have marched far before her, while she toils and strives midway on the steep ascent. They have gone on without intermission; she has had to stop short again and again in her course. With what sickness of heart, with what a weary, hopeless sense of the unattainable, and desperate consciousness of the mistake, she maintains the struggle, only they can tell who have done it, and happily the number is not great. Such is all that a woman has to expect who attempts to combine the work of a man to which she has been trained with the common duties of female life.

On the other hand, let us suppose that she puts aside the profession she has acquired and gives herself up to domesticity and wifedom until the period of child-bearing is over, and her special responsibilities so far accomplished. This period can not be estimated at less than twenty years. It may be considerably shorter; it is sometimes longer; but we are not understanding the possibilities if we grant that at forty she may consider herself emancipated from woman's natural disabilities, and may stretch out her hands toward the tools which she put

from her all new and shining at one-and-twenty. Will these tools have improved, or will they have deteriorated in the mean time? Will her training of twenty years ago come back all fresh to her memory as if it had been but twenty days? Will the world be so good as to stand still in the mean time and keep every thing just as it was in the days of her apprenticeship that she may begin again with some chance of success? Alas, no! this is precisely what the world will not do. She will find her fellow-students a hundred miles ahead of her, and their sons ready to tread on her heels and gibe at her old-world principles. She will be of the old school before she has even begun to put in practice her rusty knowledge. She will feel in herself the painful consciousness of faculties blunted by want of use, and powers numbed by long inaction. If she is a wonderful woman, with the energy of half a dozen men, she will perhaps make a desperate effort and force her way along side of some plodding bungler whose indolence or stupidity have left him out of the race. This is the best that can befall her if she adopts this second course and waits until she can give to her profession the matured and steady powers of middle age.

There is, however, an alternative open to her. She can take a vow of celibacy. She can throw off altogether the yoke of nature, and fit herself to compete with man by consciously and voluntarily rejecting the life of woman. This is a possibility which is not to be rejected with disdain as out of the question. If all is true that we continually read about the number of women who can not marry, it is no unfit question for the more resolute souls among them, whether they should not make up their minds that they will not marry, and thus qualify themselves by one severe yet effectual effort for an existence resembling that of man. By this means alone can they procure for themselves fair play in the world, or a reasonable chance of success in any profession.

But this is a penalty which perhaps not one of all their male fellow-students would undertake to pay; and it is the most cruel renunciation which can be exacted from a human creature. Thus success in a profession—nay, the mere initiatory possibility of success—requires from a woman not equality with man, but an amount of intellectual and moral superiority over him, which can only be found in the rarest and most isolated cases. To him the prospect of marriage is the strongest incentive to industry and exertion. To her it is simple ruin, so far as her work is concerned. If then she has the magnanimity and self-devotion to cut herself

off from all that is popularly considered happiness in life—from all that youth most dreams of, and the heart most cares for—she is free to enter into and pursue, and very likely will succeed in a profession, which men, with all solaces of love and help of companionship, pursue by her side at not half the cost. Perhaps even then, after she has made this sacrifice, she will find that she is the pot of earth making her way among their pots of iron; and that their superior physical powers and bolder temperament will carry them beyond her, notwithstanding the superior devotion she has shown and the price she has paid. But this is the best we can promise her when all is done—to (perhaps) succeed as well, at the cost of every thing, as her competitors who go into it with the commonest of motives and at no cost at all.

This is a very serious, very weighty consideration at the outset of a career. Professional education, too, is very costly, and the parents of young women to whom self-support is necessary are not generally rolling in wealth; can we then wonder at their reluctance to purchase dearly such a training for their daughter, knowing that the expense will most probably be all in vain, and indeed hoping that her first step in actual life will be to render herself incapable of her profession by a happy marriage? We do not for one moment deny that the picture we have just drawn, and the truth of which we are but too certainly aware of, is the very contrary of encouraging to those hapless women who are seeking work to do and know not where to find it. We acknowledge sadly that it is not encouraging, but it is better to face the truth than to ignore it. These things would remain true were all the colleges in Christendom thrown open to-morrow with all their means of instruction to the girl-graduates who, we are told, thirst for improved education. By all means, we say, let them be thrown open. Let all contemptuous laws that teach fools to sneer at the mother who bore them be erased from our statute-book. Let the women who stand apart from woman's natural existence, be it by choice, be it by necessity, be permitted to assume men's privileges if they choose. And what then, O daughters of Eve? The most of you will still be wives, will still be mothers all the same, will still lie under nature's own disabilities and be trusted with nature's high responsibilities, and have your work to do, which no man is capable of doing instead of you. Legislation may help the surplus, the exceptional women. If it does really aid them to find a practicable standing ground it will do well; but for the majority, legislation can do little and revolution nothing at all.

THE IMMIGRANT'S STORY.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW HOME.

THERE was a neat cottage on the sea-shore not far from our dwelling, which I had often admired as I walked or rode in that direction. Its surroundings were tasteful, and it commanded a beautiful view of the surrounding country. If that could be secured, I thought, it would make us a comfortable and pleasant home. Then I should try to obtain employment as a teacher.

But in case I should fail to find it, what there was left for me to do I knew not. All at once a thought of the jewels which my father had given me in my girlhood, and which I had not worn for so long that I had almost forgotten that I possessed them, came into my mind, and I took up my lamp and went to a drawer in which I kept my choicest treasures. I took from thence the casket in which years ago I had placed them, and there they all were, as bright and beautiful as when I laid them away.

I had ceased to wear them, because their brightness seemed to mock my misery, and the sight of them now brought up mournful memories of happier days. I would fain have kept them for the sake of the past, but the price they would bring would furnish food and shelter for my father in his old age, and they must go. I laid them out one by one until I came to a diamond necklace which my father had presented to me on my eighteenth birthday. That was the Summer of my first acquaintance with Esmond, and I had then worn it on many delightful occasions. "I will part with the rest first," I thought, "and if necessity requires it, this also, but till then I will keep it."

I estimated what the others would probably bring, and concluded I should have sufficient to purchase the cottage, if it was to be had, and for our support for a considerable length of time. This removed a great weight from my mind. I determined, however, to say nothing of this to my father, for I wished if possible to give him a pleasant surprise. And this I thought I could easily do, for he was so absorbed with his business that he would not notice my movements.

The next morning I sought, as the night before, to cheer and comfort him, and to prepare him as far as I could for whatever the future might have in store for him. And it was well that he was thus in a measure prepared, for in a few days goods, home, every thing save a few articles, among which was my piano, that his creditors in kindness spared to us, was

gone. As soon as I saw that all must go, I disposed of my jewelry for a good sum, and went to the cottage to see what could be done there. Luckily it could be bought, and for a moderate price, and I had our goods removed to it at once, supplying by purchases whatever was needed to make it pleasant and comfortable.

I determined to keep one servant, who had long been with us, and who would have clung to us as long as her services seemed necessary, even with no prospect of any remuneration, and she entered heartily into all my plans. With our combined efforts we soon had every thing in perfect order.

The front and principal room of the cottage was a large and truly pleasant room, with a view from the windows not unlike that from my old home. On the floor of this room we placed a bright carpet, and covered the walls with our pictures, which, by the way, were among the things sacred to us. In this room we also placed the piano, with a sofa and chairs to match, with my father's easy-chair and books, together with numerous other articles, which I had caused to be purchased because I knew he prized and would miss them. When all was so nearly in order that I thought I could finish alone, I sent Dora into the kitchen to prepare dinner. "Be sure," I said "to have an unusually good one, and be particular to have my father's favorite dishes." She went about it with a will, and I knew it would be forthcoming. In due time the savory odors proceeding from that quarter proclaimed the good things being prepared for the table.

Meanwhile, in order to have every thing look as pleasant and homelike as possible, I laid the cloth for dinner in the room which we had just been fitting up, and really every thing looked cheerful and inviting. When all was in readiness, I put on my hat and went in search of my father.

It was the day of the sale of our home and household goods, and it was all over and the people gone. I found him wandering with a sad, heart-broken look about the empty, cheerless apartments. "Come, father," I said, "let us go and have a walk down by the sea-shore."

"No, my child," he replied sadly, "I must go in search of some lodgings for us somewhere, though where the means to pay for it is coming from Heaven alone knows."

"But come and take this walk with me first," I urged, and without scarcely seeming to know which way he was going, he allowed me to lead him away. In a few minutes we were at the little gate before the cottage.

"No, Gertrude, I can not stop to-night," he began as he saw me about to open the gate. "It will be night now before we shall get to the city."

"Please me in this, father," I replied, "and I will urge you no farther."

He reluctantly consented, and I went forward and up the steps to the porch, which was nearly hidden by climbing roses and honeysuckles, just then in blossom, and which filled the premises with their delightful fragrance.

From this porch a door opened into the room awaiting us, and when my father reached the threshold and saw upon the walls his favorite pictures, with a hundred other dear and familiar objects, together with the table full of smoking viands, all of which looked so cozy and inviting, he seemed, in part, to comprehend what I had been doing, but was too nearly overcome with conflicting emotions to trust himself to speak. "Does not this look comfortable and homelike, father?" I said cheerfully, when I saw the tears begin to trickle down his face, and wishing to have him joyful rather than sad.

"It does, indeed, and is a refuge unspeakably welcome to me in this dark hour. But whence came the money to pay for this, my dear child?"

"I will tell you, father; but first let us have dinner, which will be getting cold if we stop to talk longer." And as we ate I told him of all my doings in the few days past, and that my jewels had brought not only enough to purchase the house, and all the things he saw around him, but enough for our support for a long time to come. And I doubt if either of us in many years had passed a happier hour than that which we spent over our first meal in the cottage.

And as the days and weeks passed on, I had the pleasure of seeing a look of peace and content settling down upon my father's face, which, in time, wholly displaced the haggard, careworn expression it had so long worn.

I was also happier than I had ever expected to be again in this life. I devoted my time principally to those things which I knew would tend to make my father contented and happy.

Sometimes I would read to him from some interesting author, at others I would play his favorite pieces in music, or stroll with him along the charming walks of the sea-side.

But this pleasant dream was destined to be of short duration. When we had been at the cottage about four months, my father was attacked with a fever that was prevailing in the city, and in a few weeks I was bereft of my last earthly friend. I was now more desolate than ever before. Dora still clung to me, however, and together we lived till the following Spring.

By that time my funds—into which my father's illness had made large inroads—were so low that I could no longer support us both. I then began to turn my thoughts to teaching again, for I could not yet bring my mind to part with my diamond necklace. The thought, however, of going into the city among those with whom I had associated in my brighter days, to seek employment, was so humiliating to me, that at times I was almost tempted to let it go.

While I was still undecided as to what course to pursue, Dora told me one day that she had decided to go to America to a brother, who, with his family, lived in a thriving German settlement, and had become wealthy, and from whom she had just heard, and warmly urged me to accompany her. At first the proposition seemed a wild one, but by degrees it became familiar. "Why should I not go?" I began after a time to think. "I had no relative, no friend, not a single tie to bind me to my native land, and there was no reason why I should desire to remain in a place where every thing I saw served to remind me of the joys or sorrows of the past."

One day I had occasion to go to a store to make some purchase, when I met on the street one of my former friends and associates, and who still moved in the wealthy and exclusive circle to which I had formerly belonged. She passed me without even a look of recognition. From this time I was no longer undecided. If I became a teacher, as I should soon be obliged to, I should without doubt often meet my acquaintances, and the thought of being treated in that way I could not endure.

Dora was delighted with my conclusion, and we at once set about making preparations for our long journey. I improved the first opportunity that I found to dispose of my cottage and furniture, and which brought me money enough to take us across the ocean, and to supply my needs for some time after.

When we were fairly out upon the open sea, and I saw the last faint outline of my native land disappearing, I could not but feel unspeakably sad to think I was to see it no more, though if I had remained I had no reason to hope for more happiness than I had enjoyed in the past, for I had never once heard from my husband and children, and probably never should.

The first few days of our voyage the weather was fair, and no one seemed much affected by the change from the land to the bosom of the sea. But after awhile it was our lot to encounter a fierce and threatening gale. At first we watched it with intense interest, for many of us had never before witnessed a storm at sea. And

it was truly a grand and imposing sight to see the huge foam-capped billows rising in their fury seemingly to the very clouds, then sinking again to such fearful depths.

But the feeling of interest or of awe which it at first inspired soon gave place to that of fear, for the storm was not only endangering the vessel to some extent, but the lives of the passengers, who, with scarcely a single exception, began to suffer intensely from sea-sickness.

Dora was among the first to feel the effects of the gale. And so great a sufferer was she from the first that I early began to despair of her recovery. I ministered to her wants until I, too, was overcome with the terrible sickness, when others who were able took my place and did what they could for her. But no remedy proved effective, and before the storm, which lasted several days, had subsided, my poor, faithful Dora was no more.

Bitter, indeed, were the tears which I shed when the kind-hearted sailors committed her body to the deep. She had been a kind, true friend, and to lose her was to lose all. If I had dreamed that such a calamity was in store for me I should not have launched out into the world as I had. But I had not, and earnestly as I wished myself back in the father-land it was useless to repine, for there was now no alternative for me but to go forward to the strange, unknown land to which we were rapidly approaching.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE IN AMERICA.

When I reached New York I wrote to Dora's brother of her death, for he lived in another city; but I did not go there as we had intended, for I felt that I had no claims upon his hospitality. Besides, I was not sure that I might not sometime return to Germany if I did not meet with success here. I also wrote an account of poor Dora's death to a sister of hers, who was still living as a servant in my native city, and who had once been a valued servant in my father's house.

I did not at once seek a situation in New York, for I was still feeble from the effects of my journey, but hired a comfortable lodging in which I intended to remain until I recovered my strength.

But it would not do to wait too long, for my funds were rapidly vanishing, and as soon as possible I began to look about me to see what I could find to do. I desired a situation as a teacher, but failed to find one, though I made applications in many directions, because every post was filled. I next sought for music scholars

in various places, and in this I was rather more successful. I secured a few, but earned only enough barely to supply my wants. It was very hard work for me, too, for I was unaccustomed to labor, as well as to the exposure to the weather which I was sometimes obliged to endure in going from house to house to give my lessons.

Life seemed sometimes a weary burden, but I did not forget that, but for my own sin—that of giving way to my hasty temper—I should still have been an inmate of my own delightful home, surrounded by my own dear little ones, as well as the comforts and luxuries to which I had been always accustomed. I believed God's dealings with me to be only just, and I strove to bear with patience and resignation my sad lot. One day, after I had been teaching several months, I returned home from giving lessons and found a letter upon my table from Germany. I knew it to be from Augusta, Dora's sister, and I hastily broke the seal, for I longed to hear once more from home. It was a reply to the one I had sent apprising her of Dora's death. After speaking affectionately of her sister she wrote the news of the day, and of such other matters as she thought I would be pleased to hear, and ended by warmly urging me to return to Germany, for, as she said, "she could not endure the thought of my being so alone and friendless in a foreign land."

She was a warm-hearted girl, and while a servant in our family had become very much attached to both my father and myself. In fact, I had taken her more into my confidence, and told her more of my heart-history than any other person save my father. But after his failure she had been obliged to seek a new home, though she still seemed to cherish for us the most affectionate regard, and used often to visit us at the cottage. It gave me heart-felt pleasure to receive this letter, and the thought of it made me cheerful for days after. It was the first ray of light that had shone upon my darkened pathway for a long, long time.

I felt very grateful for her kind interest in my welfare, yet I had no strong desire to return to Germany. Besides, I could not go for want of money. True, I could dispose of my necklace, but that I had determined never to touch while my health remained good, but to keep it to use in case I should be sick or infirm. During the following Winter I strove to increase my number of pupils, but this I found it very difficult to do, because teachers of music were so plenty. Yet I kept hoping that Providence would open some way by which I could earn something more than a scanty subsistence.

A few weeks after this I observed, one day in a newspaper from a distant city, a notice that a governess was wanted in a certain family, and that a good salary would be paid, etc. I resolved at once to respond to this call, for such a life would be far easier and pleasanter than the life I was then living, and the labor, without doubt, more remunerative. I thought at first I would write, but a letter might possibly fail to reach them, and so I determined to go in person and try to secure the place. I did not wish to lose time lest some one should be there before me, so I made arrangements to start on the following day.

When I arose the next morning I saw, upon looking out, that the sky was overcast with dark, ominous-looking clouds, and that a fine, drizzling rain was falling. I at first thought I could not go, for I had no umbrella, and thought I could not spare the money to buy one; but remembering that to wait a day might be to lose the opportunity to better my condition, I took a hasty breakfast, and with my satchel, in which I had placed the night before my necklace and other effects, in my hand I started out, thinking that by walking rapidly I might reach the railroad depot without getting very wet. But it soon began to rain harder, and I was obliged to undertake my journey with my clothing damp; and as there was no fire in the car affording me an opportunity to dry it, I soon became chilly, and knew that I was taking a severe cold. But I hoped it would soon pass off, and as I rode along began to indulge in a thousand fancies respecting the strange city and people to which I was going, and to hope that my days of want and privation were over.

Just before sundown I reached the city of my destination. The rain was over, and I went to a convenient hotel where I procured a refreshing supper, after which I made some change in my apparel, and went out in search of the people I wished to see. I had no difficulty in finding them, but, alas! a terrible disappointment awaited me; they had that day engaged a governess.

Disheartened and wretched, with my bright hopes all crushed to the earth, I went back to my hotel. If I had been informed of this through a letter I should not have felt the disappointment so keenly; but now I had seen the truly refined and agreeable family in their beautiful home that had advertised, and as I compared in my mind a home with them to the life of toil and exposure which I had been living in New York, and to which I must now return, the latter looked doubly repulsive.

Besides, I had taken a heavy cold, and now began to feel feverish and sick; but I retired,

hoping that a night's rest would refresh me, and that things would look brighter in the morning. But I was too sick and weary to sleep, and when morning dawned I was unable to rise, and could scarcely speak. In the course of the forenoon I had a visit from Mrs. G., the wife of the proprietor of the hotel, whom a servant had informed of my illness, and I explained to her as well as I could my situation. She seemed rather a pleasant woman, I thought, and appeared friendly, particularly after I assured her that I had it in my power to reward them for any trouble I might make. And it was well that I saw her thus early, for the fever with which I was attacked increased rapidly in violence, and before night I was unconscious of any thing that was passing around me. A physician was soon called, I was afterward told, who ministered to my necessities, and I have every reason to believe that Mrs. G. was kind and faithful to me, and caused others to be, while I was unconscious.

One day, after I had fully regained my reason, I was reflecting upon my desolate condition, and upon my indebtedness to my physician as well as to the family which had been so kind to me in my extremity, and the thought of my necklace for the first time occurred to me. I turned my head as well as I could—for I was still very feeble—toward the corner where I had left my satchel, and, seeing that it was still there, I asked the proprietor's little daughter, who chanced to be in the room at the time, to bring it to me.

I had left it securely locked, and had since been too ill to think of it; but, ah me! I saw at a glance that it had been opened. I was not equal to the task of looking for the box containing the necklace myself, and I asked the little girl to do so for me. But she assured me that there was no box there. Still I clung to the hope that she might have overlooked it, and I had her lay the things out one by one upon the bed so that I could see for myself. But, alas! it was a vain search. When I was convinced that it was really gone I was for a moment too utterly wretched to think at all with any clearness, but the next I began to fully realize my loss.

When I was well I had found it very difficult to secure employment, and had never been able to earn any thing more than a living; and now I was sick, and helpless, and robbed of the only means of supplying my wants that I could ever hope to have, and which I had so carefully saved against such a possible day. As these and like thoughts crowded into my mind, I felt that my lot was truly a deplorable one, and I

almost wished that my Heavenly Father had seen fit in my illness to take me to himself. I had never before seen so dark an hour, and if I had not in other days learned to put my trust in him, I should have sunk into despair.

I explained my loss to Mrs. G., who sympathized with me in my misfortune, and promised to do what she could to help me recover my lost treasure. But I had little faith that it would ever be found, and it was not.

As soon as I regained, in part, my wasted strength, I began to make inquiries for something to do. Mrs. G. happened to be in want of a sewing girl, and, though I should have preferred teaching of some kind, I gladly embraced the opportunity to return the kindness I had received of her, and to settle the debt that had been accumulating since my illness.

At first I found it impossible to sew more than part of the day, but as my strength increased I improved the hours to the uttermost, and in time had the satisfaction of feeling that the terrible debt, which at first it had seemed so impossible for me to cancel, was rapidly diminishing, and would, without doubt, in a short time be fully paid.

This was finally accomplished, and then I went to my physician in the hope of being as fortunate in finding a way of paying him. But, as my services were not needed in his family, he kindly told me that I need give myself no trouble in regard to his bill. If, in the future, I found it convenient to pay him I might do so, otherwise to think no more of it.

If he had known how like balm his blessed words fell upon my weary heart, I have no doubt but that he would have felt repaid for his kindness. I thanked him as well as I could, and assured him that if I ever had a dollar I could spare it should be laid aside for him.

I now returned to Mrs. G., who I knew intended to make some calls on that day. She promised to see what she could do for me while gone, and I waited with much impatience for her return. But she was not as successful as she had hoped to be in finding me employment, for sewing girls and teachers of every description were so plenty that it was impossible to find a niche that was not already filled.

I was disappointed at this; yet my faith in the promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," was still undimmed, and I believed that some way would in good time appear by which I could escape from my perplexities.

Previous to this day I had never thought of going into the country, but I now began to entertain the idea, and it seemed reasonable to me, as it also did to Mrs. G., to whom I men-

tioned the plan, that I might be more successful there than in the city. Accordingly I put up what few things I had left and started out, and this brings me to the morning on which I formed your acquaintance.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONCLUSION.

After the completion of this narrative by Mrs. Linndon, I began to entertain the hope that she would some day hear from her husband and children, and eventually obtain assistance from, or be united to them again. And I had some thoughts of trying to do something for her with that end in view, for she had truly been purified through suffering, and I believed could be naught to them but a precious blessing.

But He who watches over the destinies of his children with an eye that never slumbers, and who permits none to suffer more than is for their best good, sent in his own appointed time deliverance to this unfortunate woman.

Before the close of the Summer I saw her coming one morning with a hasty step, and bearing in her hand a letter. As she drew near I saw that her face was fairly radiant with joy, and I knew that she had some good news to communicate. "She has heard from her family," I thought at once, and I was right. The letter was a reply to one she had written to Augusta during her illness, and it seems that the kind-hearted girl had been greatly distressed at the thought of her mistress's friendless, homeless condition, and began at once to entertain the thought of doing something for her relief. In the letter, which Mrs. Linndon gave me to read, after some introductory passages she says: "At first I could think of no way in which it was possible for me to aid you, but one day it occurred to me that if I could procure a situation as a servant in your husband's house, I might, in turn, be able to accomplish something in your favor. I resolved at once to carry out the plan if it was in my power to do so. And fortune favored me, or, rather, let me say that the Lord went before me and prepared my way for me, and *here I am in your former home, and engaged as a nurse for your children.*"

"I have informed Mr. Linndon that I knew you, and where you are, and also of other things, such as I thought might influence him in your favor. He had never heard of your father's death or failure, but supposed you were still living with him, and in affluence, and he seemed deeply affected to hear that you were so unhappily situated. From this and some other things I infer that his affection for you is still alive, though I know not what he intends to do.

When the children found that I knew their mamma they were perfectly wild with delight, and have talked of nothing else since. They have evidently been taught to think affectionately of you, and more than once I have heard them telling their papa how much they wished to see you, and asking him if you would not some time come back to them, etc.

"Constance, Mr. Linndon's sister, who, though she is married, still lives with her parents, who, it seems, could not consent to part with her, comes in frequently to see the children, and has made many kind inquiries in regard to you, and is, I think, also anxious for your return. Every thing here, I should judge, remains about as when you went away, and if you were only here how happy I should be! I hardly know why I think so, but I have the impression that Mr. Linndon intends to write you, either to send relief, or request you to return home. Yet I may be mistaken. Hoping I am not, I remain, as ever,

"Your obedient servant,

"AUGUSTA VAN AMBROSE."

And Augusta's conjecture proved true. In a few days Mrs. Linndon received from her husband the following letter. It had been written before Augusta's, but had been delayed somewhere on the way:

"My Dear Gertrude,—I have just heard, for the first time, of your father's failure and death, and of your unfortunate situation in a foreign land. I have been informed of it by Augusta Van Ambrose, who is now a servant in my house, and from several conversations I have had with her I am convinced that I have been hasty, and fear that I have deeply wronged a true and noble heart. If you can forgive this, and still desire to return to me, I shall be happy to receive you.

"I will come to America for you if you desire it; but if you are as anxious to see us as the children and I are to see you, you will not delay. I send you with this five hundred dollars, which will be ample enough to defray the expenses of your journey home if you come at once. If you have any debts I will settle those afterward. Please write me when you will sail, and I will meet you at the port.

"Your affectionate husband,

"OSMOND LINNDON."

It was well this letter did not reach Mrs. Linndon till after Augusta's had in a measure prepared her for the reception of such joyful tidings; for it might have proved too startling for one of her delicate nervous organization. The idea of waiting she could not for a moment entertain, and after settling her bill with Dr.

M., and generously dispensing presents to those who had befriended her, she started for home.

I have since heard of her safe arrival in the bosom of her family.

THE BISMARCK FAMILY.

(CONCLUDED.)

COUNT BISMARCK'S YOUTH.

KARL BISMARCK'S fourth son, Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand, was the father of the present Count Otto Edward Leopold Bismarck, who was born at Schœnhausen on the 1st of April, 1815. The Count's mother was Louise Wilhelmina Bismarck, née Menken.

At Easter, 1821, young Otto entered the Boys' Boarding-School of Professor Plamann, in Berlin, where he remained six years, and whence he was removed to enter, with his elder brother Bernard, the Frederic Wilhelm Gymnasium for the prosecution of his classical studies. In the Autumn his parents left Schœnhausen for Berlin, and spent their Winters in that city, when the sons lived with them. The Bismarcks kept "open house," and lived so sumptuously, and so far above their means, that they became straitened in circumstances. They made it the great object of their life to see that their two sons and only daughter, now their only living children, were well trained, and had all the advantages of the best society that the Prussian capital afforded.

Frau Bismarck was a lady of rare beauty, vivacity, and literary culture, and spent a good portion of her time in the careful training of her children. She had a fancy, or whatever else it may be called, that she knew what her boys were fitted for, and what, with proper care, they would afterward become. Bernard was to be a district judge, and Otto a diplomat. We will not attempt to say whether or not the mother attempted to direct her two sons in these very different paths, but every Prussian boy knows that the subsequent life of both her boys has been a literal fulfilment of her prophecy.

Young Otto, like his father, was excessively fond of the chase, a passion that he still clings to, and which he gratifies whenever he can snatch a little leisure from his official duties. In his studies he was observed to have a remarkably retentive memory, which helped him very much in the study of languages, and soon enabled him to become master of French and English. German history, too, especially the reign of Frederic the Great, he never wearied in studying. He was confirmed, and formally

received into the Church when a boy, by the celebrated Schleiermacher. He was frank and blunt even then, feared nobody but his mother, and never seemed to have a temptation to tell a falsehood. As he was about to go to bed one night his mother said to him, "Otto, have you eaten your soup?"

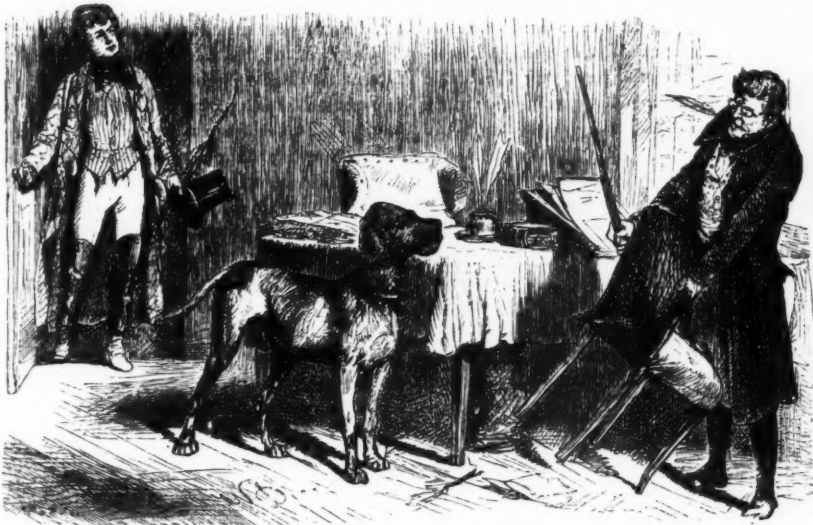
The boy, without making any answer, ran out of the room, stayed about ten minutes, and came back with a gleeful, "Yes, mamma." He had forgotten it, and, therefore, was not ready to answer her question.

Like all children, he had a passion for every thing that was sweet, and shared the ordinary juvenile propensity for examining all the closets, and finding out what was in them that was good to eat or play with. One day his mother said

to him, "Otto, what have you been eating? You smell of medicine."

The boy thought a moment, and then said, "In father's room I found a bottle which I put to my mouth, and was going to drink it, but it stank so badly that I would not do it!"

When the Summer came it was always a happy time when Otto could return to Pomerania to rusticate in his own wild, careless way. In 1831, when the cholera prevailed to an alarming extent in certain sections of Europe, his father wrote to him to leave Berlin just as soon as the first case was reported. No better news could have reached the country-loving boy than this, and now his great desire was to hear of the "first case" of cholera. So he hired a horse regularly every day, and went out on the road



BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY JUDGE.

to Friederichsfelde, in which direction he thought the cholera was going to approach the city. All he wanted was to hear of its approach, and then hurry off from his books to the Pomeranian forests. While taking his regular ride one day he fell from his horse and sprained his leg, and this accident necessitated his lying in bed for several weeks, long after the "first case" of cholera had been reported.

BISMARCK AT THE UNIVERSITY.

It was now a grave question what university Otto should attend. Heidelberg was renowned for having the greatest beer drinkers in Europe, and young Bismarck's mother could not bear the thought of her son indulging in what she believed all the Heidelberg students did. She finally settled upon Göttingen. But matricula-

tion and beer drinking were the full extent to which he went toward becoming a student of law. During his whole stay at Göttingen he never attended a single lecture, and afterward, when a student in Berlin, he heard only two lectures during the whole time. These were by the celebrated De Savigny. Yet, as the time for examination approached, he set himself to work, and passed it successfully.

Of the sort of life that he passed in Göttingen we may judge from an occurrence which led to his compulsory appearance before the University judge. With a few other young men of similar spirit he made a pedestrian journey through the Hartz Mountains, and, on their return, young Bismarck concluded to put a characteristic cap-stone to the tour by giving them a dinner-party. After the guests had

eaten and drunk as much as they could, the host, in a freak of extravagant glee, threw a bottle of wine out of the window into the street. Whether man or beast was struck we do not know, nor did young Bismarck care much. But certain it is, that on the following morning Dominus de Bismarck was cited to appear at the City Hall, and answer before the University-court for disorderly conduct. Punctual to the minute, he appeared at the door in his high jack-boots, long, party-colored dressing-gown, immense barrel pipe, and stove-pipe hat. No sooner had he opened the door than he sent his big dog before him, which went boldly up to the University judge, scared him from his seat, and made him get behind a massive chair for protection. The judge, after recovering from his fright, exhibited his usual amiability, and was ready to put a favorable construction on the disorderly conduct of the young Pomeranian. When asked why he threw the bottle out of the window, young Bismarck, instead of trying to excuse himself, simply explained the act by going through all the motions necessary for such a performance. The affair was accommodated, and Bismarck hurried back to his beer-cup and hilarity.

THE YOUNG MAN SHIFTING FOR HIMSELF.

After Bismarck had passed out of the University, or rather *around* it, he was appointed a court-clerk and lawyer's assistant in Potsdam, where he soon became known as a "character."



HERR MELANCHOLY.

From the great mass of anecdotes of this period, illustrative of his character, we select the following: One day he was drawing up the deposition of a Berlin citizen, when the latter made so much noise at times as occasionally to disturb the secretary. Finally, Bismarck, who was never distinguished for his patience, could endure it no longer, and, springing up, said, "Conduct yourself properly, sir, or I will pitch you out!"

The judge walked slowly up to the young lawyer, and, in a friendly way, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "My dear young sir, this pitching out is my affair."

The Berliner continued his evidence, and young Bismarck took it down, until the former began to distract his attention again. Then Bismarck once more sprang to his feet, and said, "If you do not conduct yourself properly, sir, I shall get the judge to pitch you out!"

The effect of this latter speech on the judge's face can be well imagined.

Young Bismarck, on the death of his father, went to Schœnhausen to manage the estate. While there his life was irregular enough, and seemed to be without any purpose whatever. He was occasionally subject to fits of melancholy, and went through the forests for days at a time, accompanied only by his dog. When his melancholy became extreme, he would pack up and go to Berlin, or somewhere else, and, after hiring a room, take all the contents out of his trunk and lay them on the chairs and tables, and keep them there, for, as he said, "I like to have a view of all my possessions." When a more contented frame of mind came over him, he returned to Schœnhausen, and all the servants were glad enough to see him. It was once whispered about among them, "The Herr is going to India." But the Herr never went, though it is pretty sure that he did design at that time to do it.

BETROTHAL AND MARRIAGE.

In the home of his friend Moritz von Blankenburg, Bismarck had often met a Fräulein Johanna Putkammer, and in time his acquaintance strengthened to admiration, and his admiration to love. The attachment was mutual, and if the young lady had been willing, it is probable that the marriage would have been consummated even in spite of her mother's objection. For that was Bismarck's way. She finally yielded, however, and the wedding-day was appointed. Bismarck used to make a full revelation of his experiences to his sister, and, as she was also well acquainted with the French and English languages, whenever the German did not serve to express his meaning

fully, he would have recourse to some expression in one of those languages. All his letters to his sister are interlarded with English and French expressions. After every impediment had been removed to the proposed marriage, he described the satisfactory state of the case to his sister in these expressive monosyllables, "All right!"

Years after he had penned them, and when on a diplomatic mission to Austria, he wrote to the one of whom he had said "All right!" the following words:

"Where have I heard the song that has been sounding in my ears all day long?"

'Over the blue mountains,
Over the white sea-foam,
Come thou, beloved,
Come to thy lonely home!'

I do n't know who could have sung it to me in auld lang syne!"

His marriage taking place in July, 1847, he started with his wife for a tour through Switzerland and Italy. They happened to be in Venice at the same time with King Frederic IV, and Bismarck was invited by the latter to dine with him. But how to make his appearance under the circumstances was a difficult question, for he had no dress-suit with him. But there was no escape for him, and it is a fact that his appearance before the King at that time, which we have good reason to believe was really the beginning of his successful career, was made in a *borrowed suit*. In a confidential letter, written years afterward, in which he described his clothing when present at a grand court reception at St. Petersburg, he said that he had on the dress of *four different persons*.

Bismarck, during the period intervening between his betrothal and marriage, was appointed representative to the first United Assembly, and this was his first appearance in political life. At the German Parliament of 1847 he first conceived the idea which has been the very key-note to his whole political life—namely, *the danger of political liberalism to the throne*. He, therefore, joined the conservatives, and kept with them, and fought their battles through thick and thin. His expressions were strong, sometimes hasty, and occasionally very bitter, just as they have frequently been since. His first speech was interrupted by tumultuous hisses, when he quietly took from his pocket a newspaper, the Vossian Gazette, and read persistently before the whole assembly until perfect quiet was restored, and he could go on with his unpopular effusion. The press, which was at that time nearly altogether in liberal hands, was unanimous in condemnation of his whole course.

The Revolution of 1848 now came on, and though Bismarck was generally a member of the Parliament, he was always on the unpopular side, for he was a conservative of the conservatives, and, with the exception of the King, the most hated man in Prussia. He now spent the most of his time in Berlin, except when on an occasional hunting visit to Shoenhausen. His relations with the Court were very friendly, as might have been expected, from his decided defense of the royal family, and he was frequently invited to the palace, and occasionally accompanied the King on a hunting expedition. One night, while walking along a street in Berlin, he went into a beer-shop to take a glass of beer. While sipping it he heard a man sitting near him abusing, in violent language, a member of the royal family. Bismarck, though nobody knew who he was, stood up and said:

"Now I am going to drink this mug of beer, and if you do n't take that back, sir, when I have finished it I will break the mug over your head."

Bismarck drank his beer, and as no recantation followed, he violently threw the great mug at the man's head, and then asked the proprietor of the beer-shop what he must pay for breaking his beer-mug. The remaining guests instead of seizing Bismarck, which he was not sure they might not undertake to do, tumultuously applauded his course.

On the 13th of February, 1850, the celebrated Father Gossner baptized his first child. In the Spring of last year, 1868, the heirs of Gossner presented the following note, written in Bismarck's own hand, with other manuscripts, for sale at a bazar for missionary purposes. A cousin of Count Bismarck, General Bismarck-Bohlen, the commandant at Berlin, bought the note. It reads as follows:

"BERLIN, February 11, 1850.

"Reverend Sir,—Although I have not the honor of being personally acquainted with you, from the fact that we have many mutual friends I dare to hope that you will not decline to baptize my first-born son, and I therefore ask you, most obediently, whether it will suit your reverence to consummate this act on the day after to-morrow, on Wednesday the 13th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, at my dwelling in the Dorotheenstrasse, No. 37, first floor, and that you will do me the honor to visit me at that time. In case you consent to my request, may I ask you to appoint some hour to-morrow afternoon or evening when I may personally visit you at your house, and talk more particularly on the subject?"

"I am your most obedient,

"BISMARCK-SHOENHAUSEN."

AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

Bismarck had now plenty of work, and his time was continually occupied with political matters. Circumstances were taking such a shape that his more intimate co-operation with the Government was regarded a necessity by the King. Ten years ago, yes, five, Frankfort-on-the-Main was the great political center of Germany, being the seat of the German Parliament, where every European country had its diplomatic representative, and where the Parliament, when in session, attracted such attention, and filled the city with so many strangers, as to suggest the return of the busy and momentous times when Charlemagne and many of his successors lived there and held their court. In 1851, three years after the storm of revolution had subsided, the King was casting about for an ambassador to Frankfort, the most important diplomatic post in Prussia's gift. General Manteuffel was the Prime Minister, and when Bismarck's name was mentioned by the King, apparently incidentally, he said:

"I am very fond of Bismarck, and expect much from him."

Manteuffel invited Bismarck to visit him, when he told him that his Majesty the King wished to speak to him, and then asked him, without disguise, what he thought of becoming

ambassador to Frankfort. The Prime Minister was a little surprised to hear Bismarck say that he was "perfectly ready to assume the position," for Baron Manteuffel had secretly many misgivings in regard to him, though he did not know who else could better fill the post. In due time Bismarck was summoned to Sans Souci to have an audience with the King, when the latter mentioned the matter to him. Bismarck immediately said:

"If it please your Majesty, I am ready to undertake the work."

The King seemed to think that Bismarck was entirely *too ready*, and that he had not sufficient sense of the importance and difficulty of the undertaking. He even told him his fears. Bismarck replied:

"Your Majesty can only try me. If I do not succeed, you will be at perfect liberty to call me back at the end of six months, or even earlier if you choose."

Bismarck was accordingly appointed, and started to Frankfort, not knowing what day he might have to give up his position and return.

But he satisfied the expectations of the King and of his country, as is proved by the fact that he remained in the position of ambassador to Frankfort for eight years. Whenever matters occurred that were of too much importance to communicate by letter, he would go to Berlin, and whole months in every year were spent in going to and from the Prussian capital. On one of these journeys he wrote to his wife from Halle on the Saale, under date of July 1, 1852:

"So far as I know I have never written to you from this place, and hope it will never happen that I shall write to you from it again. I have been trying to think whether yesterday was not Friday, for it has proved such an unlucky day to me—a *dies nefastus*—N. N. will tell you what that means—in reality. In Giessen I had to stop in a dog-cold room, that had three windows that would not close, and had a bed that was too short, too narrow, dirty, and full of bugs; the coffee was infamous, I never had such miserable stuff in my life. In Guntershausen some ladies came into the first-class car, and the smoking had to stop; a high *business lady*—N. N. will also tell you what that means—with two *femmes-des-chambres* came in, and spoke Russian, French, and English by turns. . . . Between Guntershausen and Gerstungen the water in a pipe belonging to the locomotive ran out, and we sat an hour and a half in the open air, when the



BISMARCK AND THE PRIME MINISTER.

sun was warm and pleasant. I then took my place in a second-class car, so that I might smoke. . . . By a delay of three hours we arrived at Halle too late to take the Berlin train, so that I was compelled to sleep here, and tomorrow morning I must start at half-past twelve o'clock by the freight train."

The following letter, written from Frankfort to his sister, on December 19, 1857, proves that Bismarck, as will be seen, is a real German husband, and took exquisite pleasure in all the excitements and surprises of a German Christmas. The letter is an order to his sister for the purchase of certain articles for Christmas presents for his wife:

"With a true sister's heart you have so kindly offered to attend to any Christmas wants that I may wish, that I can not excuse myself from asking you to purchase the following things for me for presents for Johanna. *First.* A box of jewels. She wishes an opal heart, such as yours is. I will give for it about two hundred thalers. If you can buy two ear-rings, each one made of one clear brilliant, I should think it a more tasty present. You have just such as I want, but those that I wish would be dearer. If you prefer an opal heart as a neck ornament, I will see later if I can not find a pair of suitable ear-rings on a ground-work of pearl.

"*Second.* A dress to cost about a hundred thalers, not more. She wishes it very white, à deux passes, moirée antique, or something like that. She needs about twenty yards.

"*Third.* If you can find a cheap and pretty gilt fan, which rattles very much, buy it. It must not cost at the highest more than ten thalers—I can not bear the things.

"*Fourth.* A large, warm wagon-rug, with a design of tigers, head with glass eyes, and so forth. Can also be an imitation of a fox, or a hippopotamus, or some other first-rate beast. I have seen just such a one as I want at —, of very soft wool. It won't cost over ten thalers.

"Now, if you want to be my splendid sister, just buy all these for me, and send them by express to me. Johanna and the children would send their love to you if they knew that I was writing. When you write, do n't let them know that I have written to you. You will receive the money by Fritz."

Bismarck made a similar request of his sister in 1860, when ambassador at St. Petersburg. He wrote on December the 9th as follows:

"I am in Christmas cares, and find nothing here for Johanna which is not excessively dear. Please buy for her at Friederberg's from twelve to twenty pearls, which would be suitable for her necklace. I am willing to give about three

hundred thalers for them. Besides, I would like you to buy me some picture-books from Schneider's bookstore. If it gives you too much trouble to get these things, then ask — to do it. Buy the *Düsseldorfer Monatshefte* of last year, the *Düsseldorfer Künstleralbum* of this year and last, the *Münchener Fliegende-blätter* of last year, and the *Münchener Bilderbogen* of this year and last year; also the *Klad-deradatschkalender*, and similar nonsense."

The following, written by Bismarck to his wife, from Frankfort, on the 8th of May, 1851, is worthy of Talleyrand:

"I am making grand progress in the art of saying nothing at all in a great many words. I write reports on many sheets of paper, which read as beautifully and smoothly as leaders in a newspaper, but if Manteuffel, after he has read them, can tell what is in them, he knows a great deal more about them than I do. Every one of us tries to make people believe that he is full of thoughts and plans, and will not reveal them, and, notwithstanding all this, even the most malignant democratic rascal has no idea what charlatany and ostentation is in this diplomacy. But I have scolded enough, and now I must say to you that I am right well."

Bismarck became convinced, while in Frankfort, that the German Confederation was a great injury to Prussia, and he resolved at all hazards to do what he could to break it up. From several of his letters we extract such expressions as the following:

"From the eight years of my official stay at Frankfort, my conviction has become strong that the German Confederation is, to Prussia, an oppressive bond, and, in critical times, dangerous to its existence, and without giving any of those equivalents which Austria enjoys. Austria derives far more freedom of movement in consequence of it. . . . The explanation of the purpose and of the laws of the Confederation are modified according to the necessities of Austrian policy. . . . The more decided the rent becomes in the Confederation the better it is for us. . . . I would like to see the word *German* substituted for *Prussian* on our flag, when we become more intimately united than we have ever been with our remaining fellow-countrymen. . . . I see in our confederate relation an offense against Prussia, which must sooner or later be healed *ferro et igni*."

But such expressions as these might be selected from scores of his letters, both during the time of his stay at Frankfort and of his subsequent residence in St. Petersburg. He went to the latter city in 1859, and remained there until 1862. His removal thither was very

much against his will, for he plainly said to the King, that he thought he could be less useful to Prussia there than if he should remain longer in Frankfort. His relations with Prince Gortchakoff and his family were of the most intimate character, and he soon acquired quite a reputation as being the best hunter of the whole diplomatic corps. In 1862 he was appointed ambassador to the French court, though it was generally supposed that he would be called to the head of the Prussian Ministry instead. He

visited the Emperor Napoleon at Biarritz, where the two coolly played their game of political chess along the shore in the August of that year. Count Bismarck had a far more favorable opportunity of studying the French sphinx there than he would have had amid the formalities of the Tuilleries. It was well that he used his opportunities to the best advantage, for he was soon called back to Berlin to assume the Premiership.

He had now a diplomatic experience, both at

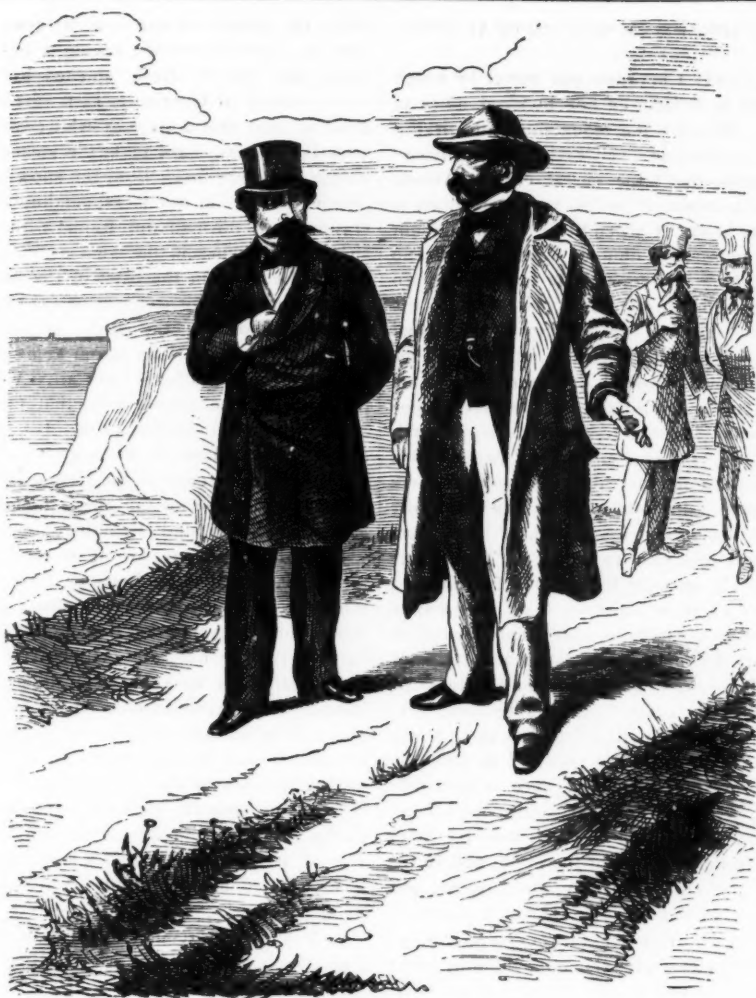


BISMARCK AND GORTCHAKOFF.

home and abroad, which proved of invaluable service to him. The question of *German unity under Prussian leadership* was now his all-absorbing thought, and he labored night and day for its solution. He had many obstacles to surmount, but skill, pluck, persistence, and patience more than answered his highest expectations in the victorious culmination at Königsgratz.

Since this event Count Bismarck's political sentiments are supposed by many to have undergone a radical change, but, on careful exam-

ination, we believe he has only shown a *different front*, made requisite by the significant changes in the times. He has offered a friendly hand to the Liberals, and used every honorable means to conciliate them. That this was the part of the astute statesman we do not question, for the newly and unwillingly incorporated population, together with a strong body of native liberal Prussians, made it necessary to pay more than ordinary deference to the really improved remnant of the democratic element of 1848. The new and old peoples were to be



PLAYING CHESS AT BIARRITZ.

made homogeneous, if the victory of 1866 was to be enjoyed, and made the groundwork for still greater triumphs, whether of peace or of war.

But there are many indications that, in this respect, Bismarck has been prompted fully as much by a due appreciation of the value of a liberal political sentiment, or, in other words, of that advanced view of human rights which alone is in harmony with the requirements and spirit of the age. This may be seen in his respect for the United States, which he never loses an opportunity to express. At the dinner given in Berlin by our ambassador on Grant's Inauguration Day, Count Bismarck expressed his admiration of the great country represented by Mr. Bancroft, and made the excellent point,

that Prussia and the United States had always been on friendly terms, that Frederic the Great was one of the first European sovereigns to bid her welcome to an honorable place in the family of nations, and that his successors have acted in harmony with the example of that Prussian King. Bismarck's letter to Grant, which our readers will recall, on his reception of General Badaeu's Life of the latter, reveals not merely an admiration of the greatness of our new President, but a sympathy with the cause which Grant has defended in *such* a way as to place him in the Presidential chair. The best security of a government is not in the division but in the consolidation of its strength; and the liberty of the subject is best preserved where the central power is strong, as in the United States.

FROM CHEYENNE TO CENTRAL CITY.

LEAVING Cheyenne you travel by coach over a distance of one hundred miles to Denver. Nearing the mountains you strike a tract of arable land; you find many cultivated farms producing large cereal crops. Wheat averages twenty-five bushes per acre, which is more than in our "Garden State." This amount is often more than doubled. As generally no rain falls here in Summer, the land is irrigated from the numerous streams that traverse the valley; the water is first led into a small canal extending through the farm, and from thence conducted by a net-work of lesser *acequias* all over the field. On a large farm the services of one man only is required for managing the irrigation during the season of about two months. It is a well-known fact that, in countries where rain seldom falls, and the land is artificially watered, the production is larger and more equal from one year to another. The farmer regulates the season; he puts his field under a surface of water, or he shuts it off as the state of the plants seems to indicate; also, the land is continually becoming enriched by absorption of the fertilizing salts held in solution by the water.

Traveling by coach is always tedious; here it is particularly so. About three o'clock in the afternoon the last "All aboard" is sounded, and you are off; the conveyance is crowded; you are jammed, bounced, and pounded for fifteen or twenty hours. You lose the finer scenery in the shadows of the night, and, in the gray of the chilly morning, tired, cross, and sleepy, you at last arrive in Denver, the gem of the "valley." You see the fair city with its broad, level streets, its elegant buildings, its air of enterprise; you catch a glimpse of the overwatching mountains, gaunt, rigid, and streaked with snow; you see Pike's Peak a colossus in the distance, but you turn away in disgust; your hat is caved in; you have lost your gloves amid innumerable feet; your bones ache, and you want to go to bed. Meanwhile the fresh breezes blow down from the hills the spice of the pines and hemlocks, a thousand flowers blush and burn in the heart of the cool, green grass. Undulating in gentle waves the plain stretches out on all sides toward the west, sweeping up in green billows to the pines of the foot-hills. Meantime a flood of golden light bathes the proud, pure brows of the mountains; the snow-fields are dyed with the blush of roses. The City of the Plains smiles in the glow of morning. The sun rises on Arcadia, but you do not know and do not care; you are asleep in your comfortable couch at the new Pacific Hotel,

while the miracle of the new day goes on unheeded. We did better; taking a light, open buggy and pair of fresh, spirited horses, we bade farewell to Cheyenne, then reveling in a cloud of dust and a gale of wind; we dashed over the smooth, hard rock, the steady, strong breeze careering down from the snow-hills and blowing sharply in our faces, sending an exhilarating glow through our frames; the horses shook their manes in the wind as if they, too, breathed ecstasy in the blast of the mountains and saw intoxicating freedom in the broad, unfurrowed billows of the plain. The elixir of the gods seemed to leap in our veins, drunken in with the respiration of the air. What was it? Oxygen, the subtle fluid that makes the cheeks rosy and the blood warm. It was *health*; and our pure humanity, so long stranger to its balm, feeling it come in the rush of the hurricane, and the dash of the blast, thought it the gales that circle round Olympus.

Instead of the Denver route we took the road that leads through the Boulder Pass, straight into the heart of the mountains. Fourteen miles from Cheyenne, on this track, is a great curiosity, "The natural Fort." Arriving here at an early hour we spent some time in examining this wonderful debris of an ancient mountain. There was probably once here a vast mass of sand-stones, which, crumbling slowly away by the ravages of the elements, has left lofty pillars and smooth, high walls of bare rock rising abruptly from the level plain, scattered over an area of perhaps half a mile square, and so distributed as to present the appearance of a huge barricade. At a little distance you feel sure it is a vast erection of the human hands. The principal "fort" is a large circular area of ground, surrounded on all sides by huge walls, and at intervals immense towering columns and frowning bastions, so placed as completely to exclude entrance or observation except by a natural aperture, cloven from top to bottom of the solid rock; this opening is barely large enough to admit the person; inside is ground of clear, dry sand; there are intricate corridors winding among the towers, and vast fissures worn by the storms. We wandered in and out among these monuments; we climbed to the tops of some of the loftiest, forty or fifty feet high; there were depressions several feet deep upon their summits, probably worn or torn by the storms of centuries. There are a number more of perfectly barricaded forts, smaller but answering the same description. At a short distance is a ranch-house, and the enterprising proprietor has selected one of these fortifications for a *corral* and blocked up the entrance

with a pair of bars. How is sublimity fallen! the monument of a thousand years for a cow-yard!

The evil grew better as we proceeded; the streams were flanked by willows; cultivated "ranches" appeared; at night-fall we came to a halt on the banks of the "Cacheala Poudre" Creek; passed the night at the house of a "ranchman." The next morning early we were on our way. The mountains now seemed very near—Long's Peak, the highest point of this range, towered so grandly, and each rock stood out so clear and abrupt in the thin, transparent atmosphere, that it seemed impossible that we were twenty miles from the nearest foot-hills; it seemed at most but four or five miles to the base; this illusion results from the gigantic height of the mountains and the apparently level interval over which the eye roams before meeting the curving line of the hills. The scenery became magnificently picturesque; there lay the wide, green valley, dotted with farms at long intervals, the streams, fringed with aspens and willows, winding their sinuous course over the land, and the great sweep of the rocky ranges describing a semicircle about us, dark and piny in the immediate perspective, large and blue in the distance, till far up crowded the Alpine peaks in cloudy piles, suing for the kiss of the rosy sunlight on their pallid brows.

In the late afternoon we passed Valmont, a little hamlet at the foot of a great brown bluff, called "The Butte." A few miles beyond we enter Boulder City, a pretty, white town, nestled at the foot of and between two gigantic mountains, standing guard at the mouth of Boulder Cañon. Entering the mountains by this pass you are more deeply impressed by their grandeur than you would be in taking any other route. Rugged peaks with frowning brows rise abruptly from the plain to the sky; there are pretty farms around the city, the grass is intensely green, and the sudden transition from a garden to the craggy overhanging walls that threaten to fall on the roofs of the town is startling. Boulder Creek tumbles along over the mighty rocks in its bed, hastening to reach the smiling valley and spread itself in a broad, beautiful stream along the plain. Through the narrow opening of the cañon you catch the white glimmer of its waters, broken into a thousand foaming fragments on the great projecting boulders. We entered the cañon which is so narrow as barely to give room for the breadth of the stream; thus for the most part the road is excavated in the sides of the mountain, crossing the creek ten times in twenty miles, turning acute angles, crossing frightful gorges spanned by narrow bridges, looking

down into deep, black chasms on one hand and overarched by hanging crags on the other; vegetation assumes a vivid green standing out in brilliant relief against the gray granite. We coursed along this narrow track with undiminished speed; the horses were old mountaineers, and dashed round the sharp angles and over the bridges with sure feet and unflinching mettle. At long intervals on these roads are places wide enough for teams to pass each other. Drivers must be on the watch, looking ahead so as to stop in the right place and allow the confronting vehicle to pass. Often some difficulty occurs; thus many teamsters have their mules strung with bells to announce their approach to travelers. As the sun grew low we reached the foot of the "Long Hill," a stretch of five miles, in which we climbed to the summit of the first tier of hills. Looking up from the bottom one hardly realizes how he can scale that precipitous barricade of rocks, all scarred by gulches and seamed with torrents; but it is very simple; the road, dug in the side of the hill or built out from it when more convenient, follows a zigzag course, doubling on itself and ever going up, up, till at the top one looks back on a wriggling line like the sinuous trail of a serpent. We reached the summit just as the level rays of the setting sun poured a glory over the wild scene, lighting the snow-caps with roseate and gleaming like silver on the rugged cliffs. The atmosphere was so wonderfully clear that the heavens appeared of a tangible blue; a cloud of rose-leaves, sprinkled with gold-dust, rested on the brow of a near rock; I imagined I might grasp it and hold it, it was so real. The distant "Snowy Range" was stark and white; the sunshine bathed a part in splendor, leaving the other peaks standing like pale-robed ghosts in sullen gloom. Night approached; we drove on; shadows encircled us. It is terrible here in the darkness; every projecting rock is a monster, ready to crush you. You can not see the bottom of the chasms over which you are whirled, and you shudder thinking of a possible misstep of your trusty horses; but no, they are true as steel, and courageous as Ajax, and on they go. You flounder into a snow-bank; your vehicle is nearly upset; you feel it going over; you spring out; breaking through the thin crust, you are waist deep in the snow; however, you are dashing along fast as ever in ten minutes, your fingers tingling and your glad laugh ringing out on the crisp, chill air, for it is Winter here when it is night in May.

At twelve o'clock we reached our destination near Central City, the metropolis of the mountains, one hundred and thirty miles from Cheyenne.

THE MINISTRY OF SORROW.

WHEN from their Eden home, in tears,
The guilty pair were sent,
Child of their sin, ethereal formed,
Beside them, Sorrow went.

Beneath the glamour of her spell,
The Eden flowers they bore,
Forgot the radiance of their hues,
And lost the grace they wore.

She dwelt within their darkened home;
Unto her sway were given
The hearts that pined in exile long,
With homesick tears for heaven!

She stood beside the stricken One,
Within the garden shade;
When, bowed beneath a guilty load,
The "Man of Sorrow" prayed.

She walked with him within the flesh,
He wore her thorny crown;
Unmurmuring bore her stern decrees,
Nor trembled at her frown.

She saw the baleful bonfires built
That drank the martyr's blood,
And heard, in caves and deserts drear,
The Christians worship God.

She taught the priest a holier theme,
The poet purer speech,
The statesman loftier eloquence
Than science e'er could teach!

And still in every land her sway
In ceaseless power has grown;
And still among the sons of men
Her muffled step is known.

Upon the world's wide battle-plain
Her soundless banner waves;
And face to face we stand with her,
Wherever earth has graves!

She leads the dire diseases forth!
Remorse is in her hand!
Time lays his trophies at her feet!
Death comes at her command!

She writes her name in lettered lines
On youth's unsullied page,
And bows the form and dims the eye,
Beyond the art of Age!

Yet may her ministry be sweet,
Her wounding given in love,
To win our hearts from earthly joy
To purer joys above!

As if the first sad pair had seen,
Along their darkened track,
To Eden's loved and forfeit bowers,
Her finger pointing back!

As if the sorrowing Son of man
Had given message sweet,
"Henceforth to upper paths direct
The worn and wounded feet!"

THE GRAY TOMB.

AH! need we raise a cold gray stone
To mark her place of rest?
Are we afraid we may forget
The spot once loved the best?

And do we fear to pass it by
Heedless in some bright hour,
Forgetful of the place she sleeps
Where lies our buried flower?

Ah, no; those bleak and withered wreaths
Will serve at least to show
That in some faithful, loving hearts
Fond thoughts still constant flow.

That marble tomb will bear her name—
Alas! and is she gone?
O, that with her we all might say,
Father, thy will be done!

But that gray stone must oft be raised
That other forms may sleep;
Time breaks the circle link by link,
Earth will the fragments keep.

The loving circle once again
Will smile upon the stone,
Nor think it hard at once to say,
Father, thy will be done.

Then, when no loving hands are nigh
To strew the fair, bright flowers,
When none will own those sleeping there,
Guests of the by-gone hours,

The cold gray stone of voice will be
From those who home have gone,
Teaching a lesson hard to learn—
Father, thy will be done.

"I HAVE BEEN YOUNG."

"I HAVE been young;" the words dropped slow,
Breathed softly in a whisper low;
"The sunshine on my pathway lay
Just as your own is tinged to-day."

I have been young; it seems so long
Since life peeled forth its matin song;
Its twilight shadows gather now,
And leave me but its vespers low.

I have been young; the shadows fall
Aslant the church-yard's gray old wall,
And o'er the graves where dear ones sleep,
In loving silence seem to creep.

I have been young—long, long ago;
(This hand forgets its cunning now;
The Spring and Summer long are passed,
And Winter frosts are gathering fast.

I have been young, but now am old;
Heed well the lesson I have told;
Let all thy life-work be well done,
When thou shalt say, "I have been young."

ABEL STEVENS.

JOURNALIST—AUTHOR—PREACHER OF THE
GOSPEL.

(CONCLUDED.)

BEFORE the young Stevens's college course was completed, during a visit to some friends in Boston, his eloquence and genuine devotion so won the regard of an excellent Methodist layman, that the latter sought out a few brethren like-minded with himself and interested them in the plan of colonizing a city church of which Stevens should be the appointed pastor. In brief time the arrangement was effected, and in his nineteenth year the young man entered upon his regular ministerial labors at Church-Street Church, of which he was also the founder in connection with the few brethren who had "called" him. The location of this, his first charge, in a poorly settled, suburban quarter of the city was unfavorable to the ingathering of a permanent membership. Another denomination had already abandoned the ground as untenable; and the little colony began its enterprise impeded by a heavy debt. But the young man turned his mind and strength to the work, not painfully nor yet strenuously in appearance, but with a certain characteristic joyous ease blended with enthusiasm, as if, ignoring hinderances and toilsome work, he gave heed simply to the ancient postulate of the Catechism, "to glorify God and enjoy him forever" by fulfilling his behests; and held for undoubted truth the assertion of Isaiah's prayer, "Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness." Such a spirit is most persuasive; it is a surety of success both in secular and religious undertakings. As a consequence the humble suburban church was quickly filled with an audience of rich and poor, educated and ignorant, orthodox and transcendental, according to the distinctions then current in New England theology. Boston Methodism glorified itself in this new leader of its ranks. Heretofore it had worked contentedly within its modest ecclesiastical limits, neither expecting nor receiving from beyond them much attention as an agency for the public good. But at this time, from various causes, it began to receive consideration as an "ism" from its powerful neighbors, the Congregationalists and Unitarians; and, however dubiously the term is used elsewhere, an ism in Eastern parlance means a set of ideas that, having grown strong enough for utterance, are subjects of exceeding interest, possibly of benefit to the community. We all know what Methodism is to-day in the New England metropolis—a broadly founded, solidly constructed section of its Church; not

only equal in strength and symmetry with other parts of the edifice, but, as some of its attendants will have it, nobler in certain of its proportions, and attractive to certain devotional classes by reason of its free admission of spiritual warmth and light. Be that as it may, its organ, the *Herald of Boston Methodism*, is a model among religious journals for vivacious, vigorous writing, and adaptation to the popular demand, varied in its range, yet distinctively characterized in all its tones, as the critics assert of *the Boston organ*. Pardon the allusion, good reader, if it seems inapt, but consider that one is in duty bound to make mention of this famous instrument whenever the subject trenches upon the musical and the Bostonian.

This independent Methodist journal, the *Herald—Zion's Herald*—owes its rank among religious newspapers, its prestige, nay, in great measure, even its existence, to the talent and management of its former editor, Abel Stevens. We believe that the present occupant of its chair, prominent as he is among the three or four first-class religious journalists of the country, would freely corroborate the assertion. In 1840, when Stevens first took charge of the paper, two or three years after its establishment, it was threatened with premature death from exhaustion consequent on the agitations and conflicts of the anti-slavery movement, at that time rending the social and civil fabric of New England as it rent the Republic itself twenty years later. The *Herald* had been utterly given over to the controversialists; brethren of exceeding zeal, whose charges and counter-charges when reviewed in this peaceful time give one the impression that they were resolved to know nothing save their own particular "views" of the national question; that as battles are said to cause thunder-storms, so they by their recriminations, clamor, not to say bitterness, were intent on producing such an explosion as would forthwith vivify and clarify the moral atmosphere of the whole country. Honest souls they were, indeed, and helped each with such strength as he had to spread the agitation which saved us at last; yet it may be affirmed, without disrespect to their memory, that the purpose of a religious family paper is not likely to be well served by a class of writers who are reformatory and nothing more. The association to whom the *Herald* belonged complained that its circulation was ebbing with each passing week, and that they were becoming hopelessly entangled in debt on its account. Their embarrassment was the subject of much discussion among Methodist circles; all were agreed that the agitation was far too wide for suppression, and none could devise a

remedy for the suffering journal until Dr. Fisk, then President at Middletown, suggested that it should be put under the care and direction of Stevens, his friend and former pupil, inasmuch as the young preacher's antislavery opinions were identical with those of the Abolitionists—at that time a small, loud-crying, greatly derided party—while it was well known that he opposed secession or any other method of reform which threatened harm or dissolution to the Church. Stevens was preaching in Providence, having filled his appointed term at his Boston church and passed some months in Europe for the restoration of his health; for this began to show the ill effects of his early hardships, the precocious development of his talents, and his consequent extreme labors. He had also traveled for nearly a year in Texas, breaking ground for mission planting in its vast plains, and seeking health again by "roughing" in forest and cabin. Shortly before his departure for Texas he was married to Marguerite, daughter of Rev. Bartholomew Otheman, a beautiful, brilliant girl of French descent, so vivacious, so sensible, so earnest and womanly withal, that we could not fail to recognize in her the helpmeet for such a man. A clergyman devoted to serious pastoral duties, to the most abstruse of all the sciences, to the study of truths that determine the inward and eternal life of men, needs, speaking generally, the influence of a temperament buoyant, capable of good cheer and social gaiety, as a reactionary force to hold his own faculties in equilibrium. A scholar needs an answering intelligence to comprehend his pursuits; at least to comprehend them enough to value and rejoice in the result of his work. Such a wife—the most precious gift a man can receive outside the purely spiritual realm—was Marguerite Stevens. For upward of twenty-five years her presence shed light and life throughout his home; her delicate hand, skillful alike with needle and pen, her fine taste, her quick intelligence, her tact, her genial, gentle, yet sparkling humor, her sympathies, wide as humanity; in a word, the whole strength and graciousness of a complete womanly character was the complement of his own, "like music set to fitting words." And when at last she was taken in the maturity of her years, with brief warning, from the earthly to the heavenly home, the many who deplored her loss were consoled at heart by the thought that, if a life of constant, joyous service is acceptable to God, she was surely among the multitude of the beloved who abide with Him forever.

Thus, with an honorable education for a "self-made" man—an education that, so far from being completed, was to enlarge itself by con-

tinual acquisition through all his future years—with no small experience of work and observation of the world, with the amenities and solaces of domestic life centered in a home, the young man entered upon an editorial career which at the end of thirty years is wider and richer in its aspect than it has ever been in the past, and which stretches onward apparently to the horizon of his life. He set forth upon it oppressed with disappointment because his broken health was inadequate to the service of such pastorates as Methodist preachers had at that period of our history, when not less than three sermons on Sunday and indefatigable week-day and evening exertions were believed to be necessary for the maintenance of a church. But the personal affliction has doubtless resulted in a double blessing to the household of his faith; for he has followed both vocations with diligence and rare success. And I hesitate not to affirm that, with one exception—his *History of Methodism*—none of his labors have been more potent for the public good than those connected with journalism.

From the outset his policy in conducting the *Herald* in reference to the reform then pending was simple and decisive. Its fundamental principles were but two: the utmost freedom of discussion consistent with veracity and courtesy; and inviolable loyalty to Church and State. The first editorial from his pen designated a rule for contributors which was a rare one in the American journalism of the times: no personalities allowed in controversial or any other articles. This stricture was maintained through thirteen years of the bitterest of our political strife with a steadfastness equally rare, though the rule may have been transgressed in exceptional instances. As for the battle itself, my researches lead me to infer that for several years this youthful *Herald* was the David of the Methodist press, fighting the giant evil single-handed; a sturdy pioneer and champion on the enemy's ground, sounding the alarm and calling upon the waiting hosts to come up and secure the victory.

Not long after the day when the above-mentioned salutatory was written, the new editor set forth in a wagon, on an election morning, visited and exhorted some score of his brethren, and persuaded them to go with him to vote for the first candidate of the Free Soil party, Judge Birney. Some of the wise heads, politicians in their little circles, stood by the polls, lamenting that these votes should be thrown away. In truth the whole number cast in Boston and its vicinity for this party was utterly insignificant. No one could foresee that it was the first evi-

dent outcropping of a power which was ultimately to preserve the Republic, with its thirty-five million souls, from anarchy and the abasement of a barbaric social system. But from that day to the present Dr. Stevens has given his political allegiance openly to this power, for the simple reason that, whatever it may have failed to accomplish and whatever sins may be laid to its charge, it has fairly set forth the American idea of personal freedom and equal rights to all the people. The first venture of his pen, made while he was yet a lad in Philadelphia and printed in a journal of that city, was an appeal for the slave; and among the later of his editorials are several directing public attention to the condition and needs of the Southern freedmen. It would be irrelevant to the purpose of this sketch to take the reader through all the toils of that conflict which harassed so many brains and cost so many lives ere we had rest from it by the decision of the sword. It is enough to say that throughout the whole of it our editor was not a whit behind the most zealous in advocating the reform, and at the same time contended valiantly for the integrity of the Church against Northern and Southern seceders. His position was not unlike that of Governor Andrew, when he thus quaintly expressed himself concerning a Church dissension which threatened harm to his personal interest: "Brethren, I do n't believe in coming out nor in putting out. I am not, nor will I ever be, a comeouter. I am, and shall remain to the end of my life, a *stay-inner*." When the Southern Methodists clamored for secession, Stevens heartily opposed the movement, proving beyond all argument the illegality of such a proceeding, the flagrant dishonesty of their claim to a division of the Church property, nay more, the disloyalty of listening to their overtures. They sundered the bond that made them and us one people; but the General Conference which assembled after the separation rescinded its previous action as unconstitutional, and repented of it as of an irretrievable folly, committed in an hour of recklessness and passion. When the border Methodists were threatened with severance from the main body he opposed the extremists who favored the action; for he had the confident faith of a scholar and thinker in the power of right principles and time; nor would he concede the necessity of disintegration in prosecuting a Church Reform, but held rather that in these latter days such reforms should take on the character of normal though rapid growth.

His address before the General Conference assembled at Indianapolis in 1856, at the close of the debate on the Border State question, is

still remembered as the finest enunciation of the Progressives, as they were named in distinction from the Radicals. It was a thorough study of Methodist history and law on the controverted points, a clear rendering of facts which had been elicited, not without confusion, in the previous discussion, and a most effective appeal to the justice, moderation, and Christian feeling of the assembly whom he addressed. It was read by his brother Progressive, Dr. M'Clintock, for the writer was ill and unable to attend the session. An adjournment was voted immediately after the reading, when the bishops present, Judge M'Lean, who had been an auditor from the gallery, and others, commended the address without qualification, while even the leading men among the extremists were forced to confess it an unanswerable historic summary and argument, if not unanswerable logic. As they had the majority of numbers and influence before the reading of this speech, we may consider that in it lay the attractive power which turned the tide of opinion in the Conference; for the rule to effect the sundering of the border States failed of adoption at that session.

An equal zeal for the advancement of true ideas and for the preservation of the best institutions has characterized his treatment of other questions important to the Church or the State; that of Lay Representation, for example. And as a similar purpose was the basis of Wesley's policy, of Lincoln's, and not a few other legislative leaders, it is entitled to our respect, to say the least. The charge of recreancy under which Dr. Stevens suffered and those who stood with him—all of them honorable men—from the ascendant party, was utterly unreasonable and futile; a thin mist thrown around him by the asperities of controversy, and disappearing simultaneously with the smoke and noise of the fray.

In the twelfth year of his service to the Herald he was appointed to the editorship of the National Magazine, a literary and religious monthly issued by the Methodist Publishing House of New York. By his foresight the enterprise was initiated and carried forward with spirit. The periodical grew in favor with the people; its subscription list was rapidly lengthened, and was, we believe, in the third or fourth year equal to, if not larger than, that of any other American magazine dependent mainly on Church patronage. He was occupied with the duties of this position when the above-mentioned General Conference was convened. That body elected him by an unusually large ballot to the editorship of the Christian Advocate and Journal, and he returned to the metropolis to

occupy again the editorial chair of a religious weekly paper.

He remained editor of the Advocate four years, when he was succeeded by Dr. Thomson. The long controversy in the Church having been closed by the declaration of civil war, and the final settlement of our ecclesiastical and National difficulties by the abolition of slavery—an event foreseen by most people so soon as the power of the loyal States was fairly aroused and exerted—he withdrew from a sphere of activity which, for certain reasons, had always been repulsive to his scholarly tastes, and gave himself to pastoral labors and the principal literary task of his life, A History of Methodism from its beginning in England to its development in this country up to the year 1839, a work filling seven octavo volumes. A large part of this work was written while he was pastor of two Churches successively, one in New York, and one in its vicinity, at Mamaroneck. When he has taken no appointment from the Conference he has preached almost constantly by request. In addition to these labors he has contributed editorial articles at the rate of two, three, sometimes four a week to the Christian Advocate, The Methodist, Zion's Herald, The North-Western and Western Advocates, The Independent, (New York,) and the Observer. Various occasional contributions to other papers, magazines, and reviews, should also receive mention as part of the sum total of his literary industry. The mere enumeration of the themes of his editorials would fill several of these columns. They include many of the profoundest that engage the attention of modern thinkers; the whole of them includes the whole periphery of intelligence in its modern development. Whatever relates, in general or in detail, to the interests of the Methodist Church, to social and civil activities, to Churches, peoples, governments at home or abroad, is touched at some point by his indefatigable pen—articles on purely literary subjects, all questions of genuine reform, on Lay Representation by the score, and *résumés* of the later developments of science. Indeed, if one were to describe the range of his pen in the journalistic department of his life-work, the easier method apparently would be to mention not what he had written, but what he had overlooked of such topics as would claim the consideration of an astute religious thinker. Dr. Stevens's name rarely appears over these essays; perhaps its absence is due to the same reason that inclines him to keep silence when he is attacked in the papers; and such occasions have been numerous during the long career of his public life in the Church. For the same

reason, whatever it may be, he is extremely averse to an announcement of his engagements to preach. In cases where such announcements are considered essential, as at dedications, missionary meetings, and other extraordinary occasions, he invariably declines the invitation to take part in the services.

His letters from Europe to the National and the Advocate, as well as those published during his first journey abroad in the Herald, are careful studies of the phases of religious and intellectual life in the various countries of the continent. Nothing more thorough nor more satisfactory of their kind has ever appeared in American journalism. Those of the Advocate were largely copied into other papers, on account of their value as describing accurately the religious condition of the various sections of Christendom, and their survey extends over two years. When he assumed the editorship of the Advocate he initiated improvements which had begun to obtain in the better part of the secular press; the division of the paper into appropriate departments; the introduction of brief editorial paragraphs; well-arranged, comprehensive summaries of news, etc. His editorials are characterized by clearness, an emphasis that is saved from peremptoriness by an evident generosity of spirit and fine *morale*; they have, for the most part, a style so rapid and forcible that it bears one along with something of steam-power. Herein it is essentially American. There is the air of "Marching On," marching ceaselessly, rapidly. Such phrases as, "We put the question point blank; we proceed directly to the point," occur frequently in his editorial pages. He is fond of military figures and phrases, and of Scriptural allusions of a heroic character. He is a very Gradgrind for facts; he disproves in numberless applications the oft-repeated assertion that nothing is falser than figures; he understands the philosophy of them, and has a distinctive talent for statistics. Facts, figures, and logic are the exhaustless magazines which furnish his supplies and ammunition while he pursues his conquests over error and ignorance. In plans for particular enterprises, and in public exhortations, he is large-minded and large-hearted, seldom denunciatory. Herein the hopefulness, confidence, and winsomeness of his spirit are pre-eminent.

His biographical sketches evince a peculiar discernment and power. Often a character is condensed into a short paragraph, portrayed accurately and quickly, as if photographed by the quick truth of the sun. In the course of his duties as a journalist he has had occasion thus to delineate nearly every distinguished

personage who has died within the boundaries of Methodism, not to include scores of men eminent in clerical, collegiate, or literary circles of the country.

Among his later contributions is a series which appeared in the *Christian Advocate and Journal* under the general title of *Potential Ideas*. These are a philosophic elucidation of the ruling ideas of the race as manifested in consecutive historic periods, the evolution of these ideas in the present era, especially in the religious and political changes now in progress. This analysis of the past and present is followed by a discussion of the relations of modern doubt to Christianity, and by some valuable thoughts on ecclesiastical unification, and the Church of the Future, of which in common with other thinkers Dr. Stevens has written much and has very closely at heart. These articles deserve to be amplified into a book, in order that their effect should be more lasting and wide-spread. They are full of precious, and, what is rarer, of suggestive thought. A *résumé* of them as examples of the author's ability in this direction is impossible here, however tempted I may be to give it; but as this sketch has already passed its appointed limits, the reader will doubtless be content with a quotation of one sentence indicative of his ever-confident spirit: "Given a universe," he says, "and a good and infinite God at the head of it, and no logic of human and angelic hope can transcend the glorious, the certain issue."

Certain tendencies perhaps of Dr. Stevens's temperament have led him to like the French, and to acquaint himself thoroughly with their literature. "We English have a way of calling the French light," says Mrs. Browning in one of her works, and thereon she defends them from the charge, or, rather, proves that much in them is genuine, earnest, profound. We Americans are prone to consider them both light and vicious; but it is with nations as with acquaintances, one perceives their least agreeable traits at first, while whatsoever is excellent in them is discoverable only after some degree of intimacy with them. From the centuries of the first Clotilde, the queen who converted the heathen, from Saint Louis the king, down to Blaise and Jacquelin Pascal, not to mention living persons, France has given the world abundant examples of noble men, brilliant women, models of character, heroism, piety in all classes of life; and when the sparkle, the élan, the wisdom and many-sided humanity of French literature becomes the property of a vigorous Anglo-Saxon brain, it produces a style that is pure, clear, terse, and vivid. It is like the gold-leaf that

overlaid the marble of some of the most beautiful and ancient statues.

Dr. Stevens has been an active, earnest advocate for lay representation in the Church councils. He was the first editor to admit the pleas of the lay delegationists into the columns of a Methodist journal. Their admission was in accordance with his usual policy. He believed that the recognition of these brethren would effectually impede further secession, and help to consummate an important reform. He has probably written more on the subject than any other man in the Church.

His power for work is not less noteworthy than his talents and acquisitions. His brain is not only superior in size and quality of organization, but is well-nigh tireless in capacity for exertion and endurance. It will bear a long pressure of work that would utterly exhaust a man of ordinary strength. For instance, when writing certain portions of his Methodist history he has begun his daily task at two or three o'clock in the morning, nor given it over till the same hour in the afternoon, allowing himself but a few moments' interval for breakfast and dinner, and this protracted work he has maintained for weeks at a time. Horace Greeley, it is said, can accomplish as much brain-work as four ordinary men within a given period. Mr. Beecher is also a representative worker, but both these men require a solid stratum of sleep between each day-period of toil. Dr. Stevens could measure lengths with either of them in amount of work performed, and could perhaps surpass either in these exceptional periods of extreme labor. He is also a tireless reader, and finds his recreation, after working hours, in acquisitions of current literature: and of literature, both current and standard, there is no department in which he is not at home as a thorough student. He has labored with his pen from his thirteenth year to the present—a period including more than forty years. It is not, therefore, to be greatly wondered at that he is now able to throw off an elaborate editorial with nearly the same ease that one would write an ordinary letter; that when the task is prolonged beyond a half hour, or, at most, an hour, the rapid pen shows signs of nervous irritability, and works restively, as one may see a spirited horse pushing forward when in sight of the hill-top, impatient to have done with the tedious ascent.

I can enumerate here only the titles of his published works. Most of them have been, some of them are still well known to the reading Methodists of the country. It is not necessary, therefore, to speak of their adaptation

to the people and to the wants they were meant to supply, or any other of their merits. Two volumes of juvenile stories for Sunday-schools are the first we find on the list; unpretending little books, indeed, yet in the well-told narrative, the wholesome and winsome *morale*, the evidences of cultivation in the style we detect the promise of maturer fruit in the later seasons. These are followed by Sketches and Incidents in three series, each series forming a complete volume; Memorials of Methodism in two series, forming separate volumes; Church Polity; Preaching Required by the Times; The Great Reform—an essay on the Christian duty of systematic beneficence—A History of the Methodist Church in three octavo volumes; succeeded by its complement—a History of the Methodist Episcopal (American Methodist) Church in four volumes, also octavo—the research necessary for these works has extended throughout the whole of the author's mature life, and he has devoted six or seven years to writing them; A Life of Dr. Nathan Bangs; The Centenary of Methodism, published in the Centenary year, and likewise The Women of Methodism, written for the Ladies' Centenary Society. The last-named book consists of a series of graceful, charming sketches, showing the artist's faculty, of painting truly and beautifully by depicting the ideal, or the inward excellence of character. This power is also conspicuous in the biographical sketches of the History. Beneath the rough exterior, the authoritative manner, the absence of education and fine manners, which some of us remember as the more evident characteristics of the old-time Methodist preachers, the historian has detected and graphically portrayed his wonderful energy, his genuine kindness, his shrewd, wholesome humor, his glowing love for God and man. A critical survey of this, his principal work, would require of itself the space of an ordinary article. As it has been reviewed with high commendations in the best periodicals of our own country, as well as in many of those of Great Britain and Europe, and is recognized as a standard work in ecclesiastical literature, it is unnecessary to speak at length of it here, yet I may repeat as a partial expression of my own opinion, the remark of a noted Cambridge scholar, who, in casual conversation, pronounced it "the only Church history that he ever cared to read through," and "wonderfully entertaining to the very end." There is in truth a unity, often an elegance in the composition of this work that is architectural. Its plan rises defined and symmetrical like that of a cathedral. The numerous biographic sketches are as pil-

lars, needful and elegant supports to the structure. The style is rich, varied, ornate, like the colored marbles, mosaics, and carvings that adorn the walls within and without. Its vividness and warmth are as the sunlight streaming through tinted windows; its harmony recalls music one has heard wandering through nave and choir.

What has been said of the man as a writer may be reiterated of his pulpit ministrations. Strong, rapidly succeeding thoughts, an unhesitating emphatic command of words, frequent use of figures, especially those of a military or otherwise heroic character, scholarly and apt allusions, quick sympathies, not seldom manifesting themselves by emotion, a freedom from pedantry or any false assumption, and, above all, a genuine Methodistic, nay, rather apostolic ardor, a diffusive spirit throughout the whole, animating both speaker and hearers—these are perhaps the most distinctive features of his preaching, which are as wide in its range and treatment of subject as his literary efforts. The blending of dignity, enthusiasm, and rapidity manifest in some of his sermons might suggest to an auditor the inference that in earlier years he may have diligently studied the discourses of the famous French court preachers of the seventeenth century.

His qualities as pastor are superior. Among his parishioners, his friends, in the precincts of his home, when his daily tasks are put aside, he appears simply as a large-natured man, simple, invested with a natural humility, yet keeping still the blithe spirits of his boyhood—it is there that the most attractive aspect of the man is to be had—there that esteem, admiration, love are given unasked, without stint, by those who share the companionship of his leisure hours. Converse with friends, daily portions of time passed in the relaxation of the family life are not simply enjoyments, they are absolute necessities of his active, affectionate, social nature. An all-pervasive spiritual life—manifested most purely in the morning and evening devotions of the household—prayers that once heard can not be forgotten; simple, fervent, exalted, yet subdued as by the immediate Presence to whom they are spoken; a ceaseless activity of the mental faculties, moving on serene and bright in their appointed way, like the stars in their courses, and a right healthful, happy human life—such as shares the pleasures of children, that gives and takes recreation in the unrestrained discourse of the table and the evening hour—a life that is constantly buoyant, fresh, delightful—one discerns these as distinct phases of the harmonious, united character we

have been discussing. Withal one could not look attentively upon his face without recalling the words which were once spoken concerning the portrait of the great German master, "There is a man who has suffered much."

The personal appearance of a man so individual in the expression of himself as Dr. Stevens is not easily described. In stature he is rather under size, yet so erect and well-shaped that one would suppose it at least of medium height. His frame is slight, nearly all bone and nerve, not a particle of waste flesh; his head long—large frontal development; forehead high, smooth, broad—the height being in greater proportion than the breadth. His eyes are dark hazel, such as we call black—full of stirring life and vigor; the nose large, mouth and chin firm-set, having a solid chiseled appearance, like that of a statue hewn in stone; the jaw and remaining contour of the face slight. His gait is erect, firm, rapid; his bearing full of decision and emphasis. In the pulpit he is quick, abounding in nervous energy, but always natural and graceful. One knows before the first sentence is completed that he is in the presence of a quick, intense, fervent nature. His entire *personnel* betokens in the indefinable yet unmistakable modes that Nature takes to reveal herself, courage, candor, scholarship, and the higher excellencies of a superior and ever-aspiring spirit.

In the Autumn of the past year Dr. Stevens was married to Miss Amelia Dayton, of Clinton, New York, a lady well fitted by her culture and graces to order and adorn a Christian home.

Such analysis of his life or himself as would involve criticism, in the adverse sense of the word, I leave to another hand and a later day; for in one aspect a personal career is like a national history. It may be put on record, but can not be clearly and truthfully judged until it is completed, its epoch terminated, and a new one begun. It is with man as with statues; we need to stand at a certain distance from them to discern their real proportions, their symmetry, and also their defects.

The forming events of Dr. Stevens's life, his birth in a virtuous but comparatively humble family, the conflicts with adversities, the resolute siege and capture of positions which could afford him education, activity, influence, the life-long industry, are such as have shaped the character and career of many of our eminent men. In these respects, and, in some good degree, in the success that has attended him through many years of toil, he may be esteemed as a representative American—a sample of what a genuinely worthy man may make of

himself, and achieve in this country of wondrous opportunities. More than this, his profound though unostentatious knowledge of the spiritual life, his moderation and exceeding charity, his effectiveness as a pastor and preacher, his great power as a thinker, his interest and influence in promoting all means of advancement within the Church to whom he has given the arduous service of forty-two years—these commend him to our regard as a representative American Methodist; one who can not fail of the high esteem and sincere love of his people while he remains with them, and whose memory will linger like the fragrance of ointment poured forth when he has gone to serve and to reign in the Church that is eternal in the heavens.

THE CITIZEN AND HIS PARTY.

SECOND PAPER.

V.

IN speaking of the necessity of separating office-holding from party organizations and struggles, I have referred only to the office styled clerical. The electors would not govern if this demand were extended to legislative offices and responsible executive positions. These are necessarily attached to party fortunes. But it is curious to notice that malignant corruption appears, in these positions, in a very different form from that developed in clerical offices. In clerical posts we have high salaries, poor service, and next to no administrative genius. We lose our money, and we lose most of the benefits of the offices. On the contrary, high executive offices are usually well filled on very moderate pay. A governor is found to be nearly faultless on \$2,500 a year, while a petty county officer is nearly worthless on a cool \$100,000 a year. Legislators are less satisfactory; but they content themselves with small official pay, and most of their errors arise from their inconceivable and boundless ignorance.

The jobbery done by them is mostly done in pure ignorance of the principles of government and the functions of legislation. It would be worth millions in money, and a thousand years of life for the Republic, if every Legislature could be organized into a class and put through Lieber's "Civil Liberty," and Herbert Spencer's essays on overmuch legislation.

The bribery and nasty forms of corruption that appear in Legislatures are not created by the same cause that works ruin in clerical trusts. In the latter, the evil rises directly from party meddling; in the former, it springs out of lax

public opinion. The cure in each case is obvious. If legislative bribery were really searched out and condemned as it deserves it would be soon ended. In clerical offices the immorality is not in the person; it is the rottenness of a system.

It should be added that legislative bribery has been promoted by the clerical high-pay system. Why should an honorable legislator get only his board-bill while at the capital, when a plain Mr. County Clerk receives \$50,000 a year? The disproportion reconciles the weak political conscience to small additions to legislative pay received "for aiding in passing good laws." All these private jobs are designed, you know, to benefit the people. If Smith's little bill is passed he will make a good thing of it; but the beauty of it is that the people will make a great deal more out of the transaction.

Admitting, then, that the high executive and legislative offices must be filled by party action, it should be insisted that "soundness on the main question" is not a sufficient qualification for such trusts. Parties must, in some way, be made to put a higher value upon character, to treat immoral conduct in office with rigorous severity. The remedy lies in form, in the action of the individual voter—lies, in a deeper sense, in public opinion. All corruption prostrates the moral sense, and the conscience of the private voter is stifled by the very evils which we ask him to abolish.

Before dismissing the legislative question it will be in place to notice briefly the part which our highest legislators play in making executive appointments. In the theory of our Government the President is responsible for the execution of the laws, and it is his function to fill all executive offices. The confirmation of his appointments by the Senate was designed simply as a check on possible abuse of this trust. There is not a particle of proof that any question can legitimately be considered by that body except the personal fitness of the candidate.

During the early history of our Government the theory was put in practice, and we look back to those years as the pure period of our public life.

The doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils," or that clerical subordinates of the President must be removed—however fit they may be for their posts—in order to fill their places with men who agree in politics with the dominant party, was first put into form by Mr. Marcy about thirty years ago. Removals for political reasons were made long before that, but this phrase, nasty as it is, consecrated the evil practice. The Senators and Representatives began to ask that offices should be filled by

those who had assisted to elect themselves to the Senate or House, and successive Presidents more and more yielded to these demands. When Mr. Lincoln came into office the public offices were divided between the Senators and Representatives, and the President practically abdicated his functions as the head executive officer responsible directly to the people for his conduct. Since then men elected to make laws have filled every executive post. This new system is so perfectly established that if a President wishes a particular person appointed he usually asks some Congressman to recommend the President's candidate to the President.

Now mark that these executive functions are utterly foreign to politics. A consul in Europe or Asia has no more to do with political questions in this country than a citizen of Norway. As much may be said of the official duties of a clerk in Washington or an assessor under the revenue law. Mark, in the second place, that the effect of having appointments made by the legislators is to destroy all executive responsibility. The President is not responsible for bad men in office, for he did not put them there. The legislators are not responsible, for their action is unknown to the Constitution and concealed from public observation. The persons in office are not held to any responsibility, for they were put in office not for supposed fitness, but for "soundness on the main question." Whether they perform their duties or neglect them is not material. They may do well, but they will be removed when it suits the convenience of the Senator who put them there; they may do ill, but they will not be removed one day the sooner.

Just-minded citizens who see the absurdity of this system, and some of the evil consequences of it, are still troubled by the sophisms by which it is defended. "Between two equally good men, you should prefer a man of your own party." Granted. It is not claimed that the President should appoint his political antagonists to office as such and for that reason. But if a competent man is already in the office, it will very rarely if ever happen that the new man is equally competent. In practice, he is found utterly incompetent until he has learned a new trade. A consul only becomes of some real value after four years' service, when he is usually removed and a new man put in his place—a new man equally competent in just the same sense that this writer and his physician are equally competent—in brains and general education, but not in medicine.

The evil lives and works in something deeper than this, in the moral education you are giving

office-holders. You are teaching them to serve Senators rather than the nation; to regard their offices as favors bestowed by persons, not trusts and burdens laid on them by the people.

The evils of this system are deadly. We shall die of them unless we retrace our steps to the plain paths of the Constitution. It would be vastly better to take clerks, of whatever grade or title, indiscriminately from both parties—to ask only, "Is he capable; is he honest?" If political parties can not be maintained without prostituting office-holding to furnish them organizing motive, some radically different democratic method ought to be tried.

VI.

The relation of the caucus or primary meeting to the movement of party machinery deserves a very thorough examination. The subject is grave enough for the pen of a Lieber, and large enough for a stout volume. Only some salient points can be discussed in this article. The caucus is the main drain of political iniquity; all the slush, dish-water, old bones and slops of party housekeeping are thrown into it.

The majority system is consistent throughout; party method adheres to a constant law. The ethical principle, "The majority should rule," is as much the law of the caucus and humblest primary meeting as of the nation. If the system were less consistent it would be more democratic. There is a wide difference between a caucus for nominating office-holders and a primary meeting to appoint delegates to a nominating convention. In the caucus all the voters of a party may meet to nominate town or ward officers. The nominations are made by a majority of the party, and when elected the office-holders represent the free choice of a majority of the majority. The mathematics stand thus: out of one hundred voters fifty-one elect, twenty-six nominate. So far as the forms of nomination and election are concerned, the office-holders in the town or ward are chosen by twenty-six men in one hundred, or by one-fourth of the voters. Of course, all the voters of a party may agree, so may all the voters of both parties; the object here is to show the system reduced to its logical expression. Majority government is at its best estate in elections at first-hand, without the aid of delegated conventions; but even here its formula $51 = 100$ is by the caucus reduced to $26 = 100$. A constable has the largest free-voting constituency, and he has only one-quarter of all the votes.

If any one objects to this conclusion, I ask him to remember that the object of a caucus is to obtain a majority in the party, and that the

object of the election is to obtain a majority of all voters. The caucus is half the voters plus one doing just what the election does—making a majority within its half of the voters—and if voters are faithful to party ethics the nominee is elected. In a caucus twenty-four want one man, twenty-six want another; it is held that the twenty-four must vote for the candidate of the twenty-six, and they can not get an inch nearer their choice by bolting. What the majority system requires is a sifting out of different choices, and the caucus faithfully does this work; it approaches the theory as faithfully as possible, but it is impossible to create a free-choosing majority through parties.

A dull sort of perception of this dilemma leads to restiveness under party discipline in local elections, and to a desire to dispense with the sifting process of a caucus, and to create a real majority at the polls. But when we pass upward from these simple elections, where all the voters can meet bodily in one place, to elections for large areas, where the voters can only meet by representatives, the sifting out of diverse choices becomes a slaughter of confiding innocence.

Suppose a county to have one hundred wards and towns, and the party in the majority to hold a convention to nominate a county clerk, where the salary is \$50,000 and competition free—not squelched by rings—there will be at least two candidates in every ward and town, or two hundred candidates. The choice of delegates in each ward will turn upon the personal question. If there are five hundred voters in each ward or town, the county clerk will be elected in the following Hopkinsian way:

Whole number of voters is.....	50,000
One hundred primary meetings composed of voters.....	25,100
One hundred candidates chosen by voters.....	12,600
One candidate selected by voters.....	6,426

That is to say, choice being as free as possible, *all the voters at the primaries*, party discipline vigorous, and there being no rings or mobs, a delegated convention of a majority selects an office-holder for fifty thousand voters by sifting out all but thirteen per cent. of the votes. Practically the case is much worse in counties which include large cities. About one-fourth of the voters attend the primaries, mobs control the places of meeting, presiding officers exercise despotic powers, and rings govern all. It may be doubted whether, in such case, there is a particle of democracy left in the result. If an emperor had appointed the clerk the people would have been just as truly represented and a mighty clamor would have been saved. The single fact, however, of the absence of a large majority of the voters from the primaries—I do

not charge this upon the system—reduces the per cent. of effective electors to three or four.

It is doubtless an infinite blessing to have county clerks, with the salaries of pashas, amenable to the people, and removable from time to time—to teach them that they are but men—and to pass a good thing round, and to educate the people—say one-thousandth of one per cent. of them—in office-holding, and to have no privileged classes, no caste of office-bearers. But when it is seen that the system, as we now conduct it, simply permits from three to thirteen per cent. of the voters to make these wondrously beneficent changes, the blessing is cut up into such fine pieces that one needs a microscope to see them. Is the game worth the powder? Suppose we were to put a stop to a caste of doctors by allowing no man to practice medicine more than four years, and then democratize them out by this method?

The results of the primary system in a county convention are sufficiently unsatisfactory; but they become positively melancholy when you look for them at the end of a State convention. Suppose one hundred counties, one hundred county conventions each sending one delegate, and five hundred thousand voters equally distributed in the counties. A Governor would then be selected, thus:

Voters.....	500,000
Majority.....	250,100
County delegates chosen by thirteen per cent.....	65,000
State delegates chosen by voters.....	32,500
Nomination made by fifty-one delegates representing the free choice of.....	16,400

Or, a Governor is chosen by a small fraction over three per cent. of the whole number of voters. If you suppose the same State convention to appoint delegates to a National convention, the per cent. of voters represented in the choice of a President is so fine that a microscope of great power would be needed to reveal its value.

The result in the above cases will be varied by disproportion in the size of the units, (primaries,) by the larger or smaller number of these units meeting in a representative convention, and by other circumstances; but the law holds in every case that a delegated convention is made by less than one quarter of the free choices of the voters, and that at each remove from the units the per cent. declines until, in a National convention, it is almost reduced to zero.

If the ladies see the force of this reasoning the vision may weaken any desire they may possibly have to assist us in the exercise of the precious right of suffrage administered by the despotism of primary meetings and conventions.

If the reader credits these figures, he will now see why it was said above that the majority idea instituted by the Constitution is much too literally followed in party methods. This repeated sifting out of minorities reduces the power of the voting body every time the party sieve is shaken.

Remedies have been proposed, and one at least has been tried. I refer to the Franklin county (Pennsylvania) system. In theory this system maintains the caucus proportion of triumphant voters; the majority is always twenty-six per cent. of the whole voting body. I say in theory, not meaning that the intention of the inventors was so broad, but that this is the logical result of the invention. The substance of the plan is that, to nominate a candidate for a county office, *a party vote is taken throughout the county*. In the same way a party vote may be taken in the State and in the nation. The voting body of the party is always one; not divided and graded. The practice under the system is too limited to justify any praise of it. If it succeeded, it would give voting its highest possible value under a majority system. But it is open to objection as requiring a legal institution and the enrollment of men in parties by official and sworn agents in order to work accurately. If, however, it be desirable to get the free expression of as large a share of the people as possible through the ballot-box, the box being labeled "the majority rules," then the legal recognition of parties, the enrollment, and the expense of conducting these party elections would not be triumphant objections to the system.

I suggest a method which would in a negative way raise the per cent. of choice to a majority. It is this: Abolish terms of office, and enact that a majority of all registered votes shall be required to vacate and refill any office. Then any man in office at any time would have the approval of fifty per cent. of the voters, for whenever fifty-one per cent. could be brought to vote for his removal he would be retired. This, however, is merely a negative majority. For whenever this plan was filled the old party per cent. would be in force. It would stand: elected by twenty-six per cent., retained in office by fifty per cent. It would invest the vis inertia of politics with power. By simply staying at home one would vote, for so long as a majority refused to take action the existing state of things would continue. By not voting at all one would vote for the incumbent of an office. Something might be said pro and con on the propriety of this method. The objections are obvious. In favor of it, let it be remembered

that there is always a large number of voters intelligently satisfied with incumbents of office; on my system each casts half a vote for retention, while on the present one he could only cast one-fourth of a vote for the same officer. The logical presumption lying at any time in favor of the efficiency of the incumbent, a proposition to change ought to bear any necessary hardship; but the arbitrary limitation of terms of office transfers the hardship to the other side by cutting down the conservative voting power one half. The presumption being that I own the horse which I ride, no man can put me to expense to prove it. Must we attend half a dozen elections a year which we deem needless? On what compulsion must we?

It is partly by force of this diminishing value of voting, as we pass upward through a series of delegated conventions, that our Presidential elections are considered new adjustments of voters to parties. The defeated members of a party grow so numerous when a National convention is reached that no party can count upon their allegiance. The Democratic party lost power in 1860 through divisions in its convention based partly upon persons and partly upon issues. Perfection of organization and an unprecedented degree of party loyalty failed to hold the vast mass of unrepresented voters to a common action.

It becomes necessary at these great crises to create a candidate by public opinion, or at least to sift out diverse choices until only two or three remain. If two only meet in convention the shock may split the party. The safe thing is to have only one candidate already selected by public opinion. General Grant became the Republican candidate in this way. The convention had only to record the verdict rendered by the opinion of the party. The next safest thing is to have three candidates; the third one lessens the danger of disruption by two. If there be many candidates, in spite of the sifting process of public opinion, safety may lie in the hold which the political issue has upon party feeling and opinion. Men lose value in politics when issues get a white heat.

In point of literal truth, it is only in these quadrennial contests that we reach the government by a real majority or a very large minority; and we reach it then rather by public opinion than by voting. If public opinion has not first selected the candidate, if even two powerful rivals meet in the convention, the per cent. of free choosing is reduced far below a majority. The government of opinion is a great fact; it is the best expression of the democratic idea. In it voters—and non-voters too—are weighed, not

counted; and, under a pressure which they do not even suspect, the voters record the will of the men and women of the nation.

VII.

A citizen may be deeply attached and thoroughly loyal to a party when he approves of all its principles and can indorse all its action. The latter would embrace its selections of office-holders, the conduct of its conventions, and all laws passed by its legislators. In just the ratio of its defection from principle, its negligence or injustice in selecting candidates, its corruption in party management, and its recklessness in legislation ought his affection and fealty to decline. Any other rule would be tainted with immorality.

The ethical system of parties has two adjusting contrivances which secure loyalty to corrupt parties.

The first casts the blame of all baseness upon individual members of the party. The great organization, like a king by divine right, can do no wrong. Rings, committees, individual legislators or office-holders, use the name of the party to cover their crimes. In this way a party is always safe from reproach until it is base enough to resolve on pollution at a National convention.

The second adjusting theory is that in any case, even the worst, your own party is much better than the other. What Democrat believes his party to be as corrupt as the Republican? What Republican does not believe the Democratic organization to be vastly more corrupt than his own? This, too, is an impregnable position. We read our own party papers much more than our opponents'; we know the worst of the other side, the best of our own.

We are also reconciled to the support of principles which we do not approve by adjusting contrivances.

"You believe in free trade, and are compelled as a Republican to vote for protection. Free trade or protection is a small matter; the Southern business concerns the life of the Republic." "You can not expect to have all your particular views met by a party. It is necessary to compromise." "The other party say they will do what you wish, but you know they can not be trusted."

Similar devices beguile us into the support of bad or incompetent men. In a local election, with no earthly relation to the great party issues, banners are carried exhorting us to "stand by the old flag," or "to squelch the infamous corruptionists of Congress." The nation totters while a justice of the peace is being elected, and

the rebellion would shout for joy if a Democratic constable were chosen. It is party policy to drill voters into the *Carthago delenda* habit of mind, to keep them from ever thinking it less than a crime to vote for a man of the other party, to stimulate the growth of prejudice, utterly to destroy open-mindedness, to attach men alike by their devotion to some great principle and by all the combative instincts of their nature to the glorious party that governed the country for fifty millions a year, or the noble organization that crushed the rebellion. Evidently a good man will stop a long way short of this blind and unreasoning allegiance to his party. Lack of space compels me to omit much of this discussion and to pass rapidly over the rest. A somewhat *ex cathedra* style may be pardoned under such circumstances.

There is only one way of curing parties of bad tricks through the ballot-box—that one way is to scratch their tickets. We hear much of good men staying away from the primary meetings as criminal neglect; as the occasion of bad nominations. No. The evil is that good men *vote* for bad nominations. The worst ring would resign its functions or make good nominations if only good nominations could safely pass the ordeal of the polls. If there is an instance in which good men have reformed parties at the primaries, this writer is unfortunately ignorant of it. The evil lies in the power given the primaries and conventions to act for, to hold in subjection the consciences of voters. Leave them their tyrannical power, and you go to the primaries in vain; take away their power, and you may safely stay away. The reason is that party fealty is essentially immoral.

What right have you, knowing there are bad men in your party, to say to primary meetings and conventions, "Do what you will I shall vote your ticket, for I am a Republican, I am a Democrat?" You surrender in advance your judgment and your conscience. You delegate to other men, knowing some of them to be unscrupulous, that which is a solemn personal duty. You offer a bribe for corruption, you authorize and abet the shameless prostitution of public law to private lust of money and power.

The proof of this is found every-where. Take this as a specimen: Parties are corrupt just in proportion to the certainty and strength of their majorities. The rare exceptions must be explained by other principles. The Democratic rule of New York, the Republican infamies at Albany, may be cited as examples of the rule. The reason is plain; the evil-doers believe that nothing can destroy their power. Their majorities may be reduced but can not be

overcome. Or take this: How often has it happened that a good great man has gone into office solely because his party did not dare to nominate its own choice! The rule being that good men are chosen to lead the forlorn hopes of parties, and any body to lead their overwhelming majorities. Nominations are made with care to get the best men only while the victory is doubtful and may be won by a virtuous leader. Good nominations may be made at other and less critical times, but they are made without reference to goodness. The struggles in nominating bodies are local and personal until danger compels devotion to the public good.

The cool and bracing air out-of-doors vitalizes and invigorates the moral constitution of a party; the close breath of offices poisons and enervates until it is carried off by political corruption. When this fails, it is because the party is even in a minority steady in numbers, or because victory is always hopeless.

If, then, the fate of the nation is to be committed to parties, there ought to be a body of independent voters who must be conciliated by just principles, good nominations, and pure political action. Blind devotion to party would ruin any nation governed by majorities.

The ethical tenets which bind men's consciences to party action are very subtle. Do you object that A, who is nominated for the Legislature, is corrupt? You are told that, as a United States Senator is to be chosen by the Legislature, your vote for the other man may cost your party the loss of a Senator. "Of two evils choose the less." It is safer to choose neither. The responsibility for non-success where success is possible must be left at the door of the nominating convention. You approve and conduce its crime by voting for its corruptionist. You do this at your peril; you stab your country to the heart while trying to prevent others from wounding her feet.

Another specious doctrine is, that you are bound by the nominations. If you took part in the nominating machinery, you are bound because you tacitly agreed to submit to the majority. If you did not take part, then you are blameworthy, for you *might* have prevented the wrong. Strange logic! An effort to prevent a wrong pledges me to kiss and marry it. A neglect of a privilege or a duty—it does not matter which it be called—puts me under obligations to assist in a crime. But monstrous as these doctrines are, most men are so saturated with this party sophistry that they would be ashamed to "bolt" a nomination which they had resisted, or to vote the other ticket upon grounds of personal preference.

But the subtlest ethical principle in party organization and drill is that which converts the great body of a party into office-seekers. "Some time or other you will want office; take care how you risk your chances."

Men who have never dreamed of asking for offices are strongly bewildered by the suggestion that in a day of adversity, or in the infirmity of age, a public office may lighten affliction or lend a crutch to weakness. For outside of the rings and professional office-seekers stand a host of men bribed to fealty by the bare chance that some time they may want, and the party give a morsel of public support or honor.

Even without this hope of office, voters are coerced by fear of forfeiting the good opinion of their friends, and are restrained by clamor or overgrown sympathy with old conflicts, from venturing to follow their convictions into new paths. Whatever tends to make majorities constant while issues are changing, to keep one set of men in control of legislation and one set of party managers in power, tends as surely to corruption as water to the sea.

CHRISTIANITY AND EDUCATION.

FIRST PAPER.

CHRISTIANITY is both an element and a power in the education of Christianized nations, opening to the mind a vast sphere of knowledge, and throwing into the current of education a class of truths, which are powerful in their influence on the current itself. In discussing, then, the relations of Christianity to modern education, we may view it first as an element, and, secondly, as a controlling and directing power.

I. CHRISTIANITY AS AN ELEMENT OF EDUCATION.

Man is a religious being. This truth lies imprinted on his very nature, and perpetually manifests itself in his life. He feels himself to possess faculties of soul which find their true sphere of action only in the realm of religious truth—longings of his nature, which nothing but the divine, the spiritual, and the moral will satisfy. Considered simply as a rational being, he may enter into all fields of research, and employ his mind in all departments of truth; yet if shut out from the vast field of religious and spiritual truth, he soon finds that a part of his nature is yet unexercised, and that, in the midst of all his mental efforts, a part of his soul has been unemployed. Like the man of sedentary habits, who, however busily he may employ his hands or use his intellect, feels that

a part of himself is unused, and that part suffers for the want of exercise, so man with his purely intellectual efforts finds faculties still unemployed and longing for use. Considering himself as a being of the earth, whose wants are all to be met in the things of time and sense, he soon discovers there is a part of his nature which the earth will not satisfy. The wealth of Cræsus, the fame of Alexander, the wisdom of Solomon, the genius of Milton, the philosophy of Newton, the pleasures of Epicurus, though he might concentrate all these in himself, still leave him unsatisfied—longing and thirsting for possessions unrealized—for elements to meet the demands of his nature which he has not yet found. The traveler in the parched desert, thirsting for water, finds no other gift of nature will meet his want; the cooling breeze may fan his fevered brow and relieve him for a moment—food may amuse him for awhile, but only increases his thirst, while nature still cries out for drink, and only finds true relief when the green oasis lifts itself amid the arid desolation. So man has faculties thirsting for the spiritual and divine, and all earthly possessions still leave him crying out for God.

Not only by these deep workings and unsatisfied longings of our nature are we taught that we are religious beings, but these inner emotions seek for outward expression. Wherever we find man, we discover him to be a being having, in addition to all mere intellectual and physical provisions for his wants, systems of religious truth and forms of religious worship. From the lowest forms of religious manifestations in the system of Fetichism to the highest reach of paganism in the scheme of Mohammed, and from this again up through various forms of degenerate Christianity to the highest realizations of spiritualized Protestantism, man exhibits his system of religion and his form of worship. We may find him in central and southern Africa, in the lowest scale of human existence, with the idea of a Supreme Creator almost obliterated, but still we find him deifying animals and mountains, trees, and even vessels, weapons, and stones as objects of worship. We may find him overspreading the luxuriant plains of India, living in dreamy idleness, filling up his existence with sensual gratifications, and remaining for centuries in the same state of unadvancing civilization, but still we find him with his Brahmas and his Vishnus, his Juggernauts and his Buddhs. We may find him living in vast nomadic hordes, wandering over the unmeasured table-lands of Tartary, having no fixed home, no settled government, no arts or sciences, but still having his vast system of Lamaism and

his wonderful religious establishment, almost equaling in the extent of its ramifications and the power of its influence, the great ecclesiastical establishment of Rome itself. We may see him scattered in millions over the rich and flowery provinces of China, with his unique civilization, his exclusive and selfish policy shutting him out for ages from intercourse with other nations, with his deceitful, active, acquisitive, luxurious mode of life, but still with his Confucianism, his Taouism, and his Buddhism, with his pagodas, his temples, his joss-houses, his monasteries, and his nunneries, all constituting a vast arrangement for his religious wants. Europe presents him to us meeting the demands of a religious nature with the various forms and modifications of Christianity, as presented in the Protestant, Catholic, Greek, and Armenian Churches. These constant and universal arrangements for man's religious wants show us how deep, and pervading, and powerful are the elements of man's religious nature.

His religious nature impels him to religious thought and activity. The religious faculties which enter into the constitution of human nature are not dormant, but intensely active, and not only impel men to give these outward manifestations of their existence, and to seek in these external forms the gratification of internal desires, but they exert a powerful and controlling influence over every part of man's nature. They are not faculties which we may conceive of as separate from the other endowments of human nature, and independent of them, as constituting a distinct sphere of life, and which may find their gratification and employment alone, feeding and living on spiritual and divine things in some silent and sacred chamber of the soul, or which may be left unused and forgotten while the other faculties of the soul and body may work on successfully without them. We may not thus separate the great elements of human nature. Man may, indeed, be considered as a triad, possessing a religious, an intellectual, and a physical nature, but it must be a triad in unity, perhaps, indeed, a sublime analogue of the adorable Trinity itself. Man is a unit—a single being—made up of the harmonious blending of the rational, the moral, and the physical, each interpenetrating and entering into the life of the other; so that a neglect of the one interferes with the perfection of the other, and man's highest perfection can only be reached by the harmonious development and normal condition of the whole.

Man's religious nature thus interpenetrates and influences every other part of his nature, and shows itself intermingling with the work-

ings of the entire man in the outward manifestations of the life. It is an element in his thoughts, it mingles with his reasonings, it permeates his emotions, it mixes with his desires, appears as an element in his purposes, and exhibits its molding and determining power in his whole life. Hence we see religion blending every-where and perpetually with human history—mingling with the every-day scenes of human life—manifesting its presence and exhibiting its influence in all the movements and in all the states of men. We see it mingling in the thoughts of childhood—the young mind in its very first unfoldings exhibiting the presence and influence of this element, and among its first exercises beginning to climb through nature up to nature's God, while the conception of the mysterious, unseen Creator is among the first to occupy the mind, and the things of God among the first to claim its thoughts, and the subjects of religion among the first to enlist and command its interest. However the leaves, and branches, and fruit may bend toward the earth, the buds and flowers first look up to God.

So, too, every body that thinks, thinks about religion. In spite of man's self the divine and spiritual will mingle with his thoughts, enter into his opinions, influence his purposes, and give cast and coloring to his life. Under this influence each man forms for himself, or is impelled to receive from others, his religious views or opinions. The ignorant as well as the learned, the poor as well as the rich, the uncivilized as well as the enlightened, have their religious ideas and sentiments, and enter into some form of religious belief. No man sinks so low as to be dead to this influence; no man rises so high as to be above it. Ignorance gives no immunity from these mingling elements, and education and learning only enhance their power and widen their sphere. The dairyman's daughter as she performs her daily duty and endures her daily suffering, and Lady Huntingdon mingling with the pride and refinement of noble life; the village blacksmith as he learns divinity over the anvil, and Newton as he studies it among the stars; Drew as he demonstrates man's immortality on scraps of leather, on his shoemaker's bench, and Locke as he walks with majestic step through the chambers of the soul; Paine and Voltaire as they labor to uproot the foundations of religion, and Paley and Chalmers as they relay them deep and broad in the works of the Almighty; the Indian as he sings of the Great Spirit in his forest home, and Milton as he hymns His glory in the sublime strains of *Paradise Lost*; Homer and Virgil as they embody their own and their nation's ideas of relig-

ion in the flowing measures of poetry, and Plato and Cicero as they demonstrate or confute them in elaborate argument and eloquent sentences—all are alike manifesting the deep and all-pervading workings of man's religious nature. Infidelity itself is only our religious nature struggling with despair, and paganism is only its exuberant overgrowth expanding into superstition.

Man's religious thought leads to the formation of religious systems. This also is seen in the life of every man. Not only does every man think religiously, but sooner or later he thinks and reasons to certain conclusions, which constitute for him a system of religious belief, and which mold and influence his practical life. Thought like water is restless and agitated until it finds its level, and man's religious thought only reaches its equilibrium when it rests in some system of religious belief. The conclusions which man reaches may be full of errors—they may be profoundly ignorant; they may be excessively irrational and superstitious, or they may be characterized by profound thought, extensive research and elaborate development; they may manifest great credulity, or they may be but the negations of infidelity; yet man will have them, and they constitute each man's religion. And more than this, his religion is the product of the action of his religious nature on the elements of thought which have been furnished to him; or, in other words, each man's religion is the product of two forces—his own religious nature and his education. The poor, ignorant criminal, born in poverty and schooled in vice, still has thought out a kind of religion for himself, in which are mingled the forebodings of the future, the undefined notions of duty and responsibility, with the absurd excrescences of superstition. Hume, and Gibbon, and Hobbes, and Bolingbroke, though we call them infidels, had their religious systems as much as their antagonists, Cudworth, Wollaston, and Beattie; and so, too, had Descartes, Malebranche, and Spinoza, as much as Bacon, Locke, and Clarke; and Strauss, and Bauer, and Comte, as much as Schleiermacher, Neander, and Tholuck.

These religious systems, developed by individual minds, penetrate the life of nations, and throw their controlling influence over the history of ages. Nations want religions as well as individuals, and while we may suppose tradition has furnished the most of them with the outward forms of worship, yet they have seized upon the products of their best thinkers for their opinions and beliefs. Hence each nation, though agreeing so largely with all other nations in the forms of its worship, has its own system

of religious belief impressed upon it by some leading minds. Hence the Zendavesta gave its religion to ancient Persia; the Vedas and the Shasters contain the religion of the Hindoos; Confucius and Laou-Kiun gave religion to China—Buddha to India, Mohammed to Arabia, Socrates and Plato, the highest form of religious belief to Greece. We reach, then, the phenomena of national religions, springing up from the depths of the human soul—mind reaching definite conclusions, however erroneous, or however correct they may be, and these opinions attracting and satisfying the popular mind.

A nation's religion always enters as an element into its education. Man's high estimate of the value of religion has always drawn the existing system into the current of education. In ancient times religion blended itself with philosophy; so closely were they united that we can not now dis sever them. There existed no distinct revelation that covered and defined the sphere of religion, and man was left to study the great problems of religious truth as he was left to study the problems of nature. The facts of his own origin, his nature, his duty were as open a field of research as the facts of history, of science, and of art. He drew no lines separating these spheres, but looking over the whole vast field of facts and phenomena, intellectual and physical, spiritual and material, he claimed the whole field for his own, and the results gathered from all, constituted his treasure of learning, and were the sphere of education. Hence Socrates and Plato studied and taught both God and nature, mind and matter, history and science. Aristotle taught his disciples gathered from all parts of the civilized world, physics and metaphysics, embracing in the latter all that was known of the immaterial and spiritual, of God and the soul. Hence Cicero wrote and lectured concerning the nature of the gods, the immortality of the soul, and the claims of morals, as well as on oratory, rhetoric, and the laws. These ancient schools of philosophy might with as much propriety be called schools of religion, for none pretended to define where philosophy ended and religion began, so intimately were they blended; and disciples flocked to them to learn the gathered wisdom of sages, embracing the vast spheres of nature and religion.

So, too, wherever we turn our eyes over these nations of antiquity, we find each nation's religion lying at the foundation of its system of education. The treasured traditions and the sacred mysteries were the elements of Egyptian education, and were the fountains opened up to the wandering philosophers of Greece and Rome, who carried them back to teach them

again to their disciples. The Zendavesta or sacred books of Zoroaster were and are the textbooks of the ancient Parsees and the modern Guesres. The Veda and the Shasters, the first supposed to have come from Brahma himself, and the latter the combined institutes of the wise and good, still constitute the sum of Hindoo learning; and Confucianism has been for two thousand years the basis of literary character, and official promotion in the empire of China.

When we look on this phenomenon in the history of man, and see with what uniformity the religions of the nations have blended with their systems of education—how certainly the very workings of the inquiring mind have drawn the existing elements of religious truth into the current of human learning—how absurd is the attempt to exclude Christianity from modern education, or to shut out from our modern schools the sublime elements of knowledge opened up by the religion of our age and country! The attempt is utterly unphilosophical; it is false to nature as well as to God, and the evil effects of it are seen in the abnormal, unequal, unsymmetrical, and dangerously unbalanced characters found as a result wherever the absurd experiment has been tried. The consequences would be still more terrible in our country, were they not in part averted by the supplementary education of the pulpit and the Sabbath-school.

The blending of religion with philosophy in the ancient schools and in modern nations possessing a national religion is not the result of law, but of nature. It was not imposed on the schools by legal enactments, but entailed upon them by the aspirations of inquiring minds. So, too, in our own times, we do not need laws to force religion into our schools, but bigotry demands legislation to keep it out. The mind awakened into activity by the processes of education, seeks to know—to know all and every thing—and does not stop to discriminate between the material and the immaterial, the physical and the divine. To it knowledge in all its vast departments is a unit, whether it regards matter or mind, nature or God; and if it reduces it into spheres and departments, it is only for the greater facility of acquiring it and greater certainty in retaining it. So profound is the connection between the different faculties of the soul, the intellectual, sensitive, moral, and voluntary, that we can not awaken and develop the one without disturbing the other; and such, too, is the intimate association of truth throughout all its departments that we can not direct the mind to these and shut out those, or say to the spirit that we have awakened into thought

and action, Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther. The attempt is simply an absurdity, and the mind will go on in the future just as it has in the past, sweeping through the whole vast sphere of truth, and man's religious nature, as in the ages of the past, will draw all the elements of religious truth into the current of his education through the ages to come. Says one of the choicest writers on education of the present day: "Would you draw lines around an awakened, emancipated, aspiring spirit that you have nourished into free, bold, independent thought? More especially, can you restrain it from those great subjects which have been the themes of ages, which have absorbed the minds of Moses, and Socrates, and Paul, and Plato; and which have controlled the march of human events? As well attempt to hold the lightning as it leaps from heaven to earth or from earth to heaven. From every figure on his blackboard, from every crown, or cross, or flag upon his outline map, the boy *that is a boy* may push his inquiring way downward to conscience or upward to God. Vain to cry halt when he has pushed you to the line of things, moral and religious."

It follows that Christianity, as the accepted system of religion, must enter as an element into the education of Christendom. As the traditions and mysteries of ancient Egypt, as Zoroastrianism in Persia, as Platonism and Aristotelianism in Greece and Rome, as Brahminism and Buddhism in India, as Mohammedism in Arabia, Christianity has infused itself into the education of modern Christianized nations. As the ancient systems of religion mingled with, and gave type and character to, ancient philosophy, science, and literature, Christianity now underlies, as the religious substratum, the philosophy, science, and literature of modern times. We see how the religion of any nation interpenetrates every department of its intellectual life, originating and controlling its philosophy, giving form to its science, interpreting its history, inspiring and adorning its poetry, and breathing life into its literature. Human knowledge must have such a religious substratum. Men reason from a beginning, and that beginning is always found in the sphere of religion. Moral ideas constitute the basis of education. If human philosophy terminates in God, it begins there too. Men study the world, study themselves, study nature in the light of their relation to their origin, their phenomena, and their final cause, and these first facts are in the sphere of religion. We first settle the great fundamental principles of the origin and final cause of things, then interpret their phenomena, and all subsequent interpretations bear the impress of

our opinions with reference to these first truths. But our opinions with reference to these first truths constitute our religion; whether, as materialists, we believe in the eternity and divinity of matter and give neither definite origin nor significant design to the world; or, as polytheists, we believe the world to be the product of contending deities, and to have a destiny such as shall result from the conflicting interests and labors of gods many and lords many; or, as dualists, we believe all things to have sprung from two contending principles or deities, good and evil, and all history and all phenomena to spring from these contending powers; or, as monotheists, we begin to catch the clearer light of an Almighty Creator, and to interpret the world in the shadowy light of an imperfect knowledge of his nature and in the twilight conjectures of his designs; or, as Christians, we appropriate the sublime truth of an all-wise, powerful, and benevolent Creator, and see in the radiant beams of his own revelation, the world coming from his creative hand impressed with a sublime significance and accomplishing a glorious moral destiny. And our interpretation of every fact in every department of truth will vary vastly as we look upon it in the darkness of pagan error, or in the refracting twilight of imperfect systems, or in the clear sunlight of revealed truth.

It has fallen to our portion to have the light of Christian truth to shed its luster over the universe, to shine upon every phenomenon, and to illustrate every problem. It is our inheritance to interpret nature, not in the darkness of polytheism; to investigate truth, not enshrouded in the errors of dualism; to study philosophy, not in the dim twilight of even Platonic monotheism, but to study the works and to interpret the purposes of the Almighty Creator in the light of his own revelation. It is our inheritance to guide our philosophy, to unfold our science, to interpret our history, to beautify our poetry, to adorn our literature with the divine lessons and the sublime facts and glorious intimations of a religion come from God.

THE MOTHER'S WALK.

IT was night. Silence reigned over the land of Israel. Within the palace of Tirzah all, save one lone watcher, were wrapped in slumber. Yet even into that luxurious home sickness and sorrow had found an entrance.

In one of the lofty apartments the wife of the king watched, with anxious tenderness, by the sick-bed of her son. Her true mother's heart

could not leave her darling to the care of servants, willing though they were to render any service, for all loved the gentle young prince. His disease had been lingering, and night after night, in alternate hope and fear, his mother had watched beside him. He had fallen at length into a peaceful sleep, which might, she fondly hoped, be the forerunner of returning health. Fearful of disturbing him, she extinguished the lamp—breathing the while a fervent thanksgiving for the quiet rest which he was enjoying—and watched the moonbeams as they softly fell on the pallid face of the sick boy.

Very strong and tender was the tie which bound that mother and son to each other. Her husband, flushed with success and uplifted with pride, had turned from serving the God of Israel, and gained for himself an unenviable name, which should cling to him through coming ages, as "Jeroboam who made Israel to sin." Through his precept and example the Ten Tribes, over whom he reigned, had fallen into gross idolatry, thus laying up for themselves wrath from Him who has said, "I will not give my glory to another."

Influenced, no doubt, by the gentle teaching of his mother, the youthful Prince Abijah worshiped the true God. To be a king like David, and reign for God in Israel, was the subject of his hopes for the future. They knew not, that mother and son, as they wandered in pleasant converse on the hills of Ephraim and turned their longing eyes toward Jerusalem, joining in spirit with those who were praising God in the earthly Zion, that soon a brighter crown than ever earthly monarch wore should sparkle on that fair young brow, that his raptured eye should gaze not only on David, but on David's King, and his ear drink in sweeter songs than even those of the royal singer, which he loved to coax his mother to sing to him at eventide.

The hours crept slowly on, and still the youth slept. His mother, too, fell into a slight slumber. It was daybreak when he awoke. In an instant she was bending over him. Her eye, quickened by affection, saw a change, and a sudden pang shot through her heart—a holier beauty on the pallid brow, as if a ray of the coming glory had fallen there; a thrilling sweetness in the peaceful smile, as if the waiting ear had already caught the first distant notes of the new song. Some of us have seen that look on the faces of our loved ones. In the words of a modern poet:

"Have we not caught that smiling
On some beloved face,
As if a heavenly sound were wailing
The soul from our earthly place?
The distant sound and sweet
Of the Master's coming feet.

We may clasp the loved one faster,
And plead for a little while;
But who can resist the Master?
And we read by that brightening smile
That the tread we may not hear
Is drawing slowly near."

While struggling to control her grief, a firm step was heard without, and the king came in to see his son. With all his faults—and they were many—doubtless Jeroboam loved his child, and, as he noticed the look which rested upon the youth's face, a spasm of pain convulsed the father's features. Abijah was the heir to his kingdom, and, sin-stained as Jeroboam must have felt himself to be, perchance he had pictured a brighter, purer future for his young son.

To whom will he turn in his hour of trouble? to his gods? Ah! no, he knows them powerless to aid. To the God of Israel? He had forsaken his laws and despised his commands; he dared not call upon him now. A sudden thought flashed across his brain. He turned to his wife, and, in tones hoarse with emotion, cried, "And Jeroboam said to his wife, Arise, I pray thee, and disguise thyself, that thou be not known to be the wife of Jeroboam; and get thee to Shiloh; behold, there is Abijah the prophet, which told me that I should be king over this people. And take with thee ten loaves, and cracknels, and a cruse of honey, and go to him: he shall tell thee what shall become of the child."

A gleam of hope passed through his wife's soul as the king spoke. Perchance the man of God might have a message of hope for her. She would go to Shiloh. But the child—how could she leave him, should death come and she away? With a low cry of suppressed anguish she strove to banish the thought, as, again and again, she kissed his pale brow ere, urged by her husband, she departed on her lonely walk. "Thou God of Israel, keep him till I come again;" with this prayer upon her lips she hurried on toward Shiloh. The eastern sun poured his scorching rays upon her head, her lips were parched and her limbs weary. She heeded not, but climbed at length the steep ascent to Shiloh, and stood on the threshold of the man of God.

The blind prophet's first words showed her that her disguise was futile. "Enter," he cried, "thou wife of Jeroboam; why feignest thou thyself to be another? for I am sent unto thee with heavy tidings." And in stern, awful words the old man declared to his trembling listener the terrible doom which awaited idolatrous Israel and her sinful king. Woe after woe was pronounced on Jeroboam and the people whom he had caused to sin; but as yet the mother's heart

was not wholly crushed, for he had not named Abijah. It came at length. The blind prophet's voice took a softer tone when he spoke of the young prince. "Arise," he said, "get thee to thine own house; and when thy feet enter into the city the child shall die, and all Israel shall mourn for him, and bury him; for he only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel."

The decision is given; silently the mother turns to retrace her steps. A dull, heavy pain in her heart, and the prophet's words ringing in her ears, she hurries on along the road to Tirzah. She knows that every step she takes is bringing death more near, not her more near to him, and yet she can not linger. Could it be that she should never again meet the glance of those loving eyes, never again feel the clasp of those clinging arms? A cry of despair bursts from her lips as the gate of Tirzah became visible. "O God, be merciful! I can not pass the gate." Poor tried mother, in years to come she will bless God that her darling was taken ere the evil days came upon Israel; but as yet she could only picture her dying boy turning his longing eyes to watch for her he shall see no more until they meet in the city of the great King, and in utter desolation of heart she leans against the city gate.

"Are thoughts which sometimes come to us,
We scarce know how or why,
The echoes of the whispered words
Of angels passing by?"

"He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days forever and ever." How came those words to her remembrance at this time? She almost fancies she hears her boy's voice repeating them. They turn a flood of light across her darkened soul. She understands it now. She had asked an earthly thing for her boy that day—the Lord had given him a heavenly thing instead, even length of days forever and ever. Breathing a prayer for aid, she arises and totters through the gate of Tirzah, and though her tears fall fast on her boy's face, beautiful in death, from the depths of a chastened spirit she is enabled to say, "It is well with the child. I shall go to him; he will not return to me. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!"

HEAVEN.—Until men consent to make heaven, as it were, the background of all their earthly vista, their views, whether in history, or in science, or in law, or in freedom, must all be partial and fallacious.

ALONE.

I SAT there on that chilly night with clasped hands and bowed head, while bitter wailings were sweeping up and down through my soul, fearfully bitter wailings, yet no pitying ear heard the heart's dumb cry for relief and rest, no hand rested tenderly on the aching head.

There is something very wearisome in this constant thinking, this thinking of grievous thoughts—wearisome as the restless heaving of troubled waters when the sky is black, or the endless searching for some lost form of beauty that is never found; yet the dark-robed throng still keep marching on and on, awakening many a harsh echo and jarring our whole being with their pitiless tread.

Sitting there in such a mood, there was nothing but discord in the sounds of activity that swept in through the half-open kitchen door—nothing but discord, till by and by there fell upon my ear a voice almost forgotten, and involuntarily I turned to catch its echoings. It was only an old-fashioned chopping-knife carried up and down, in and out, by the persevering hand of patience, striking the bottom and sides of the time-honored tray with a ringing whack and a heavy thump, but its measured beatings were a glad refrain to the heart's sad wailing, for there was soothing in the monotonous sound.

It is well for us that earth's voices are not always discordant; it is well that sometimes the heart's guests breathe a gentle spirit from the outer world and come with softer step, chanting low musical strains that soothe and comfort.

Thus were the voiceless wailings within hushed for awhile by the lullaby which rose from that quaint old tray, and I thanked God for the prosy song of the humble chopping-knife.

There rose up before me a vision of the olden time when that same knife and tray had done faithful service in the busy household, a pleasing picture that made me reach my hands out longingly to those primitive days, with their simple, earnest joys, away from the hollow present in which I was living my thankless life. But they had their sorrows even then, I suppose, for they belonged to the common brotherhood of sin-cursed man.

And then my thoughts floated up through intervening years; I remembered many days in my own life which were much brighter and happier than this one had been, and with the recollection there came a quick, painful shrinking from the darkness that was growing thick about me; convulsively I raised my hands to clutch at the fading sunlight. Ah, it was then that the

song which the chopping-knife sang rang out louder and clearer, and patience seemed to be the burden of the song, patience in the doing of present duty, with never an anxious care for what the unknown future may bring.

Alas, that we poor mortals are so slow to learn this lesson, that we are so often looking beyond the blessings of to-day to the fancied ills of to-morrow, the shadowy morrow whose mysteries our weak eyes can never penetrate. Shall we never learn to fill our hands with the joys that are within our reach, instead of stretching out after those which are far off in the distant darkness? Shall we never learn to bear our burdens, one by one, trusting Him who has promised that our strength shall always be equal to our day—never learn to be satisfied with the fullness of the present?

But there were other words in that homely refrain, words whose echoes are still ringing in my ears, and they seem to tell me that preparation, fitness, is the great idea that controls the world. God's unerring wisdom saw it best for man that he should enjoy earth's blessings only by the sweat of his face, and decreed that nothing should be ready for his use until it had first been prepared. It is this which controls the industry that enlivens the world, and to this that the scheme of housekeeping owes its practical charm.

Every kitchen in the land is consecrated to this great principle, is the scene of endless transformations; and every housewife is a master workman in the curious art of domestic metamorphosis, evoking from her mysterious store house many a thing of excellence. And that thumping, pounding chopping-knife to which I sat idly listening was performing one of the myriad wonders constantly going on in her realm, one of the simplest of them all, perhaps; yet it was noble in its way, doing its part faithfully and patiently, slowly but surely fashioning those rude lumps into suitable and comely proportions.

Thinking thus that plain handicraft became exalted in my eyes, for I found in it something parallel to the discipline of mortals, something very like to that which is being wrought for us in this transition state of our earth lives.

The world is the great tray into which we are all thrust, and it is by the sharp knife of bitter disappointments and sorrows and numberless trials that the Master is pruning from our souls many a wild and sinful deformity, preparing them for a higher place in his own grand economy. The blows are heavy and strike us very sharply sometimes, but we know they are mercifully inflicted, that out of our gross natures may be

carved such forms of excellence as shall be meet for the heavenly kingdom.

Yes, this controlling principle of fitness reaches even unto us; we can never rise to that higher existence, never fulfill the exalted destiny of God's creatures, until we have been purified, fashioned after the similitude of our glorious Pattern; for unto us it is said, "Except I wash thee thou hast no part with me—wash thee in mine own all-cleansing blood—wash thee in the waters of earthly tribulation."

O, it is not grievous, then, nay, not grievous, but unutterably glorious when unto us comes the discipline that shall mold and cleanse our sin-warped, guilt-stained souls; when unto us come these lessons that teach us to look away from earth's hollow, flickering joys to the blissful inheritance promised all those who shall come forth with spotless robes and palms of victory.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"BRAVE CAPTAIN, canst thou speak? What is it thou dost see?

A wondrous glory lingers on thy face.
The night is past; I've watched the night with thee.

Knowest thou the place?"

"The place? 'Tis Fair Oaks, comrade. Is the battle over?

The victory—the victory—is it won?
My wound is mortal; I know I can not recover—
The battle for me is done!

"I never thought it would come to this! Does it rain?

The musketry! Give me a drink; ah, that is glorious!
Now if it were not for this pain—this pain—
Didst thou say victorious?

"It would not be strange, would it, if I did wander?
A man can't remember with a bullet in his brain.

I wish when at home I had been a little fonder—
Shall I ever be well again?

"It can make no difference, whether I go from here or there;

Thou 'lt write to father and tell him when I am dead?
The eye that sees the sparrows fall numbers every hair
Even of this poor head.

"Tarry awhile, comrade; the battle can wait for thee;

I will try to keep thee but a few brief moments longer:
Thou 'lt say good-by to the friends at home for me?
If only I were a little stronger!

"I must not think of it. Thou art sorry for me?

The glory—is it the glory?—makes me blind;
Strange, for the light, comrade, the light I can not see—

Thou hast been very kind!

"I do not think I have done so very much evil—

I did not mean it. I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul—just a little rude and uncivil—

Comrade, why dost thou weep?

"O! if human pity is so gentle and tender—

Good-night, good friends! I lay me down to sleep—

Who from a Heavenly Father's love needs a defender?—

My soul to keep!

"If I should die before I wake—comrade, tell mother,

Remember—I pray the Lord my soul to take!
My musket thou 'lt carry back to my little brother
For my dear sake.

"Attention, company! Reverse arms! Very well, men; my thanks.

Where am I? Do I wander, comrade—wander again?—

Parade is over. Company E, break ranks! break ranks!—

I know it is the pain.

"Give me thy strong hand; fain would I cling, comrade, to thee;

I feel a chill air blown from a far-off shore;
My sight revives; Death stands and looks at me.
What waits he for?

"Keep back my ebbing pulse till I be bolder grown;
I would know something of the Silent Land;

It's hard to struggle to the front alone—
Comrade, thy hand!

"The reveille calls! be strong, my soul, and peaceful!
The' Eternal City bursts upon my sight!

The ringing air with ravishing melody is full—
I've won the fight!

"Nay, comrade, let me go; hold not my hand so steadfast;

I am commissioned—under marching orders—
I know the Future—let the Past be past—
I cross the borders!"

O! SPEAK the joy, ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss;
All various nature pressing on the heart;
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven;
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

AMY'S TRIUMPH.

THE short Winter day drew near its close, and the lengthening shadows cast a dreary look around the dull old school-room. The children began to grow restless. Little heads would turn toward the windows notwithstanding Miss Smith's remonstrances, and little feet would fidget about, while busy tongues could not be restrained from whispering. At last the day's tasks were done and the pupils dismissed; glad to be released, rejoicing to be once more in the open air, free from the restrictions of school government, they came thronging out into the village street with more haste than gracefulness. With a whoop and a bound Ned Harris tossed his cap into the air, catching it with a flourish in regular school-boy fashion, while Horace Greer went through a series of gymnastics calculated not only to restore suppleness to his own limbs, somewhat cramped from the enforced quiet of the school-room, but to awaken the admiration of his companions.

"I say, Jack," called out Will Payne, "let's have a race."

"Agreed," responded Jack, and, suiting the action to the word, away went the boys at full speed down the street, followed by the shouts of the boys left behind. In the mean time the girls, with satchels in hand, came out, warmly wrapped up in comfortable shawls and cloaks, with their little hoods drawn closely over the youthful heads. Talking and laughing gayly they came out, if less noisy than the boys, yet seemingly as glad as they that the day's lessons were over, and the school-room door closed behind them.

"Really," exclaimed Mattie Woods, "I think Miss Smith tried herself to-day; how could she be so cross?" and Mattie's bright eyes sparkled with a comical expression of amazement.

"Yes, indeed, was n't she cross, though?" chimed in several voices.

"Really," said Sallie Lind, "I was so frightened in that spelling match that I forgot every word of the lesson, though I spelled the whole column through to mother last night."

"Dear me, Sallie Lind, I think you took a wonderful sight of pains. I never trouble myself to do that. I do n't fancy my mother would like turning school-mistress in that fashion either."

"My mother is always willing to help me, Jennie French, and she do n't consider it any trouble either."

"Well, you need n't be so snappish. Dear me, why, she puts on the airs of an injured queen, do n't she, girls?" said Jennie; and thinking she had said something remarkably fine she turned scornfully away.

"Do tell me, Sallie," said Mamie Fisher, "how in the world you managed to get all those horrid sums done right; every one of my answers were wrong."

"O, her mother helped her," laughed Jennie French. "Pray, did she ever teach school herself?"

Sallie's eyes flashed, but she quietly replied, "Yes, my mother did help me, and I am glad to be able to say that, if she never taught school herself, it is n't because she was n't qualified."

"Heigh ho! some people are wonderfully conceited. But, Susie Grey, how did you get yours? Miss Smith said they were right. I'm sure I'm as far advanced as you are, and they puzzled me so that I gave up in despair."

"I came near doing so myself," replied Susie, "but Amy Martin offered to show me how to do the first, and I managed to get through the rest with the aid of a few hints from the same source. You know Amy is a splendid scholar. I wish I knew half as much."

"Nonsense!" responded proud little Miss French, "I would n't stoop to ask her help if I never got them!"

"Why, Jennie French," cried half a dozen eager voices, "how strange you talk! Miss Smith says she will certainly win the prize."

"That's easily accounted for; she's such an artful little thing, and Miss Smith has n't judgment enough to see it."

"Why, Jennie, how can you say so! I heard Mr. Greer say she was the best reader in the whole school, and you can't say he is not a judge."

"Jennie is only jealous, that's all," laughed mischievous little Mamie Fisher.

"I jealous—I, Jennie French, jealous of Amy Martin, that pale, mopish, little thing? Upon my word I think you must be losing your senses, Mamie Fisher, and I do n't thank you for the compliment."

"Indeed, Jennie, I'd be very glad to have just half the knowledge Amy Martin has; and,

as for being either artful or mopish you are very much mistaken, she lives in our neighborhood, and is one of the best girls I ever knew."

"Humph! you visit her, I suppose."

"Yes, indeed, and love her dearly."

"Well, I'm sure I'd be ashamed to confess it."

"And why? I'm curious to know."

"Yes, tell us your reasons," echoed the rest, gathering round.

"Is it possible you don't know what a low family the Martins are?"

"Why, Jennie, what has come over you to-day? Mrs. Martin is one of the kindest and best women I ever knew. When mother was so sick last Spring she nursed her like a sister."

"Yes," chimed in little Patty Greer, "and when Horace run a nail in his foot, and we could n't get a doctor, she came in, and with her own hands drew out the nail, and tied up his foot as nicely as the doctor could have done himself. And I do n't know any nicer girl than Amy. My mother likes to have her come to visit me."

"I'm glad I can't say that of my mother. I would n't be seen with her. Why, just only think how poorly she dresses! I could buy every bit of trimming on her dress for half a dollar; and, besides that, her father is a drunkard, and her mother is no better than a common seamstress. The idea of associating with such people; why, it's perfectly absurd!" And the little lady drew herself up with a haughty air as she added, "Why, girls, did n't you know it before?"

"Yes," said candid little Mamie Fisher, "to be sure we know they are poor, but that's no disgrace; and if her father does drink that's not Amy's fault, is it?"

"No, indeed," cried the girls, "and Amy is a favorite every-where."

"That's so," cried Patty; "she is a great deal better thought of than some folks I could name."

"Thank you for that slur, Miss Patty Greer; it is as good as could be expected from a girl of your raising. Your favorite is coming, I see. I do n't fancy such company myself, so I'll leave you," and the proud girl bowed disdainfully as she walked away.

An awkward silence fell upon the group as Amy joined them; each looked at the other, and all turned a scornful look in the direction Jennie had taken.

"Why, girls, what's the matter?" playfully asked Amy; "have you seen a ghost?"

"No," replied Patty, "we've only been talking on grave subjects."

"And have n't got so far along as the ghosts, eh? Did you frighten Jennie away?"

"No, she left us of her own accord."

And, anxious to avoid telling what had occurred, the girls changed the subject, and soon separated, each going her own way homeward. Amy quickened her steps and soon reached her home. There was nothing particularly inviting in the exterior of the house; it was no difficult matter to fancy from its appearance that the inmates were poor, but the room which Amy entered looked comfortable and neat, and even bore traces of better days. There was an air of grace and refinement about the woman who sat at the table engaged in sewing.

"Well, Amy dear," said she, looking up with a smile, "I'm glad you've come. Minnie is lonely and wants to be amused, and I'm so busy I can't half interest the child just now."

Amy quickly put away her cloak and hood, and laid aside her books, and was soon engaged in a romp with little Minnie. Their childish gayety brought a smile to the mother's face; now and then she paused in her task, and seemed to be listening for a familiar step, but time passed on, the room grew dark, and the lamps were lighted, and the evening meal prepared, but the father did not come. Another hour passed, and still they were alone. Amy was busy with her next day's lessons, and Minnie was engaged in reading a story book, quite delighted with the idea of being able to read it all herself. When the clock struck nine Amy rose and pushed her book aside. Calling Minnie to her, she tied a warm little hood over her bright curls, and wrapped her cloak closely around her; then, taking down her own outdoor wrappings, she quickly put them on, glancing uneasily at her mother as she did so. Mrs. Martin sighed as she watched the children making preparation for going out into the darkness. "God bless and protect you, little darlings," she murmured as they left the room. The night was very cold, and they shivered as the keen wind almost took them off their feet, but, hand in hand, they walked on with courage remarkable in children so young. After walking several squares they paused before a brightly lighted establishment; peals of laughter mingled with rude jests were heard within. The children pushed open the door and walked in. What a place for innocent childhood! Here and there about the room were grouped men in every stage of intoxication. A sudden silence fell upon them as Amy and Minnie entered, clinging closely to each other. They walked straight toward the counter, followed by the glances of all present.

"Upon my word," said a rough-looking man, "there's Martin's little ones again. If I had such a family I'd never enter a place like this; it's only fit for outcasts like me."

"Yes," said another, "that's a sight to touch any man who has any manliness at all left."

The barkeeper left his counter and came toward the children with an angry look upon his countenance.

"See here," said he, in a low voice, "I've had about enough of this, and I won't have you coming here ruining my business any more; do you hear what I say?"

Amy raised her eyes to his face, and tremblingly said, "I want my father, sir."

"Where is our papa? we want our papa," pleaded Minnie, with a child's eager look upon her sweet face.

"I do n't know any thing about your father," returned the man, "and I do n't want to know any thing more of you, so be off—go, I say."

In his excitement he had raised his voice, and the cruel words caught the ear of the group nearest him.

"For shame!" cried one. "Cowardly to speak so to a child," said another; while a third arose, and, coming forward, spoke kindly to the two frightened little creatures, who seemed so greatly out of place in a scene like this.

Taking Minnie's hand in his, and bidding Amy follow, he led them to the farther corner of the large room where, beside the stove, they discovered their father asleep. Their united efforts roused him finally, and, half sobered by the touching sight, he quietly arose and, passively giving a hand to each, suffered them to lead him quietly from the place. Many a time had they done so; many a night had their childish steps taken him home. Some blamed Mrs. Martin for allowing the little ones to do so, but, with a mother's loving faith, she felt that if any thing could save their father from a drunkard's grave, it would be the dear children who had taken upon themselves this task. Many were the comments passed upon it that night, and there were no more jests or laughter; and soon the place was deserted, and more than one had resolved never to enter it again.

One, indeed, who had been among those who first led Mr. Martin astray, could find no rest through all the long, quiet hours of that night, and the next morning, at an early hour, called at Mr. Martin's house. In a trembling voice he spoke of the part he had taken in the downfall of the husband and father, and expressed his regret and remorse.

"O," said he, "had I such little treasures as those you possess nothing would ever tempt me

into wronging them as you are daily doing. Pardon me if I speak plainly, but knowing that a portion of the guilt lies at my door, I am anxious to make what amends I can by repairing in a measure the wrongs I have done. The touching scene of last night has decided me, and I have resolved to 'touch not, taste not, handle not,' and I implore you, for the sake of those dear little ones, to come with me and sign the pledge."

Mr. Martin hesitated but a moment. A sight of the children coming across the street from some neighboring errand decided him at once. Telling them he would return in a short time, he walked with rapid steps toward the office of his friend. In an hour he returned, and, calling wife and children to his side, he told them the story.

"My children," said he, "you will never have to come again to lead home a drunken father; you have saved him. I have signed the pledge, and with God's help will keep it while I live." O, the joy of the hearts that loved him, how deep, how pure and true it was!

Next day Jennie French, with much apparent relish, reported through the school how Amy had been obliged to seek for her father in a drinking-saloon at a late hour of the night.

"There," said she triumphantly, "that's a specimen of their life. What kind of associates are people like that for those of our own class?" and with her usual proud manner she passed the poor girl without taking the slightest notice of her presence.

Amy made no comments upon her behavior, but bore it with patient sweetness. She could do so more easily now, for the happiness which her father's words that morning had brought to her young heart cheered her still in the midst of slights and neglect. Besides, many of the other girls were kinder than ever, and seemed to want to show a deeper love than usual for the noble girl.

"I am surprised, Jennie French, at your cold-heartedness," cried the warm-hearted, impulsive little Patty. "Have you no pity? You are not well informed, I assure you. There is a sequel to the little story which you have just told us. Amy's father has signed the pledge, so there will be no more such trouble as that you speak of, and it is all owing to her and little Minnie that he has done so."

"Fudge!" replied Jennie. "How long will he keep it? I would n't trust him out of my sight. In my opinion he will only add additional disgrace to them all by breaking it."

No one appeared to fancy there was the least danger of any such disgrace, and did not heed

Jennie's warning to them "to keep away from them all."

Time passed on, and the end of the term drew near. Amy took the prize, and had also won the love and approbation of teacher and scholars too. Jennie, with her selfish, overbearing disposition, had few friends at best, and her position now became rather an isolated and embarrassing one. Too vain of personal appearance, attaching too much importance to outward adorning, she neglected both heart and mind. So little attention, indeed, did she give to her lessons, that she was often reprimanded by Miss Smith. She was soon distanced by her companions, and regarded as the most deficient pupil in the school.

Becoming ashamed at last, yet too indolent to try to repair her early errors, she finally left the school to escape the mortification she was continually obliged to feel while there. This, however, did not end with the mere fact of leaving school. In after years she was often obliged to feel the contrast between herself and the once despised Amy, whose father faithfully kept the pledge he had taken. Nothing could tempt him from the path of right. So faithful and industrious did he become that he not only worked out a complete reformation for himself, but was instrumental in saving others from the same sad doom to which he had been so rapidly hastening. In a few years he regained his fallen fortunes, and was in the full enjoyment of all the pleasures which wealth, honor, and the esteem of his fellow-men could bestow—all of which he traces under God to the sweet guidance of his little children. Thus did the trials of Amy's youthful days result at last in triumph.

"TIME ENOUGH."

"FRED, you must clean your boots before you go to school," said Mrs. Lawrence to her son.

"I know it, mother, but it's time enough," replied Fred, who sat reading a story-book.

Presently the lady spoke again: "Fred, have you looked over your grammar-lesson this morning? It is too difficult to learn in a hurry."

"Well, I almost learned it last night; it's time enough; I want to finish this chapter," answered Fred.

"O, my son," said Mrs. Lawrence, "I wish you would overcome that habit of putting off necessary duties."

Fred closed the story-book reluctantly, and took his grammar, wishing that his mother

would not "bother him so; he knew he had time enough."

Presently Mrs. Lawrence left the room, feeling very much troubled about Fred's bad habit, and wishing that he could be induced to break it off before he became a man. Knowing that God only could give him the strength and disposition to do so, she went to her own room, and, kneeling down, prayed to this effect.

That day a gentleman visited the school, and, after listening with apparent pleasure to various exercises by the scholars, the principal requested him to talk to the boys a little while. He did so, and interested them very much by relating some anecdotes of his own school-life. One of these incidents was the means, by God's blessing, of curing Fred's habit. It seemed to Fred that the gentleman must have known what his bad habit was, or he could not have said any thing so suited to his case. The gentleman said that one day he was stopped in the street by a very shabby-looking man, who, after calling him by name, and asking if he did not remember Henry Brown, begged him to lend him some money.

"I remember Henry Brown very well," replied the gentleman. "Can it be possible you are he, wishing to borrow five dollars?"

"Yes, I am," answered the man in a despairing, sorrowful tone.

"What has brought you to this condition? Your prospects on leaving school were as bright as mine."

"*Time enough* has brought me here," replied he. "I was always putting off necessary business by saying *that*. Now I am old, the habit is fixed, and I can not break myself of it. If you do not lend me five dollars I shall have to go to the poor-house or starve."

"Boys," continued the gentleman, "*time enough* ruined that man's life. Take care that it does not ruin yours."

PAYING FOR THE WHISTLE.

THERE is an Eastern story told of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only the words, "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at one hundred rupees. A Mogul asked the parrot, "Are you worth one hundred rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The Mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed of his bargain, he said, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed, as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

HOME WITHOUT ITS ALTAR.—Man may vainly seek to enrich his home with the adornments of Oriental magnificence; to beautify it with every charm that can attract the eye and please the fancy—to embellish it with every virtue of domestic bliss; but unless he erects there an altar to his God, he will find that he has garnered bitter fruits, which will turn to ashes at his touch; and hope's burning chalice, which lured him on with promise of nectared draughts, will only quench his longing thirst with the dark waters of Marah.

Fortune may lavish her gifts freely upon him; Fame may sound her loudest triumph in his praise; ambition, ever insatiate in its craving, may cry enough; the siren of earthly bliss may lull his faintest sigh; but amid the tumult and panoply of earthly pageant the voice of the great I Am has spoken it, "Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image of any kind, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God." I have known homes, blessed with happy parents and promising children, whose infant lips were taught to lisp "Our Father," not in the spirit of prayer, but with the dull formality of custom; their childhood was never impressed with the influence of the family altar; in manhood's riper years had never seen their parents bowed in prayer. Their hearts unimpressed by the sacred teaching of Divine authority, became irreverent of their filial duties and regardless of higher duties to their God. Parental claims were soon disregarded, and wandering out from the protecting shadows of the old roof-trees, step by step the tempter led them on from one sin to another, till having lost social position and shunned by former friends, they sank to their level amid the degraded haunts of vice, often irrevocably lost to the gentle wooings of the Spirit, and the agonized pleadings of broken-hearted parents, whose heads frosted by care's corroding touch were bowed in sorrow to the grave.

Parents beware, that you erect within the sacred precincts of home no altar save the altar of your God. Let the family circle be cemented by the holy influence of prayer; gather your little ones about you and offer up to God the first-fruits with which his blessings crown your life. In their riper years let them not forget God's holy sanctuaries; ennoble their lives by an example of humility and fervent piety; then shall your children rise up and call you blessed, and a peaceful and happy old age crown

your life, and a bright immortality be your portion in Christ's kingdom above, where the family circle united, shall worship around the eternal throne of the Father and sing endless praises to the Lamb.—*Christian Observer.*

HABIT.—Much depends on habit in matters of religion as well as in other things. It was said long ago that "habit is second nature," that "man is a bundle of habits." He is so constituted that he will form them good or bad. He can not help it. What he repeats from day to day, whether from necessity or choice, disagreeable or pleasant, will fasten itself upon him with almost the tenacity of nature. This will facilitate the operation and make that which was originally odious and repulsive, pleasant and desirable.

He who has habits of work, or study, or self-denial, will not only endure, but actually enjoy them. They are transformed from evils to sources of positive pleasure. The old adage, "Practice makes perfect," has its significance. Repetition in any thing gives facility, ease, and approximate perfection to the operation. Hence the division of labor in making a watch, a shoe, and even a pin, so that each workman can do his work quicker and better on account of it, is a great advantage.

This same principle of habit obtains in religious matters. Nothing is more important in the Sabbath-school and in the prayer and conference-room than the habit of work. As one said, "There is every thing in the habit of religion. It is indispensable to Christian effort that one has a closet, a special place for prayer. I put it to my Christian brethren, whether every one has not some particular place in his room. I can not pray by myself with half the comfort, if I have not my own little place. If my knees could bore the hole, I think there would be sockets in the floor at that spot. It is the place where God especially meets us. Now, this habit is every thing. Take hold of it in youth, and work on into old age."

BRIDAL COSTUMES A CENTURY AGO.—To begin with the lady: Her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion, and sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top, like an eagle on

a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom pin, rather larger than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off and was distended at the top of an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out.

Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully besoured, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps with laces, and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his ether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his genteel appearance.

PAINTING AN ENEMY.—Many persons suppose that the most effectual method of destroying an evil, or preventing persons from becoming associated with it, is to say against it every thing that can be said, even at the peril of overdrawing facts. The folly of this is well illustrated by a German fable, in which a doe warns her youthful offspring to beware, as she skips about the forest, of that dangerous animal, the leopard. "And what is the leopard like?" inquires the fawn. "O! it is a dreadful-looking monster; its eyes glare, and its jaws drop blood." The fawn goes off to roam the wood, and in the course of her rambles espies, at some distance, in the long grass, a graceful creature, with beautifully spotted hide: its movements are elegant and even playful; its aspect betrays no sanguinary stain or fierceness of purpose. "Well, this can not be the leopard," says the fawn; "this is not the creature which my parent describes. I must go and make acquaintance with it." She advances to meet the new-found friend, and—but one need not stop to mention the result. How often on all sides is the mistake of this well-meaning but most unwise mother repeated? Extremes beget extremes. If people will paint their opponents in the darkest colors, grievous mistakes must necessarily follow.—*Religious Telescope.*

ADORNING CHILDREN'S GRAVES.—The following beautiful incident is quoted in Dr. Thompson's *Seeds and Sheaves*. It shows that many a sexton has a tender heart, and carries delicate sentiment into his work:

Mr. Gray had not been long minister of the parish before he noticed an odd habit of the grave-digger; and one day, coming upon John smoothing and trimming the lonely bed of a child which had been buried a few days before, he asked why he was so particular in dressing and keeping the graves of infants. John paused for a moment at his work, and looking up,

not at the minister but at the sky, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"And on this account you tend and adorn them with so much care," remarked the minister, who was greatly struck with the reply.

"Surely, sir," answered John, "I can not make overbrow and fine the bed-covering of a little innocent sleeper that is waitin' there till it is God's time to waken it and cover with a white robe, and waft it away to glory. When sic grandeur is awatin' it yonder, it's fit it should be decked out here. I think the Savior will like to see white clover spread above it; dae ye no think sae tae, sir?"

"But why not cover larger graves also?" asked the minister, hardly able to suppress his emotions. "The dust of all His saints is precious in the Savior's sight."

"Very true, sir," responded John, with great solemnity, "but I can na be sure who are His saints, and who are no. I hope there are many of them lying in this kirk-yard; but it wad be great presumption to mark them out. There are some that I am gey sure aboot, and I keep their graves as nate and snod as I can, and plant a bit floure here and there as a sign of my hope, but daurna gie them the white skirt," referring to the white clover. "It's clean different, though, wi' the bairns."

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.—There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of household affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or parlor; it runs away he knows not how, and that demon waste cries "more!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare their children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition to carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of his children. This should be her sole aim, and the theater of her exploits is the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or workshop.

It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance, the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance—the worst of all evils in its train.

HOW TO KILL LITTLE GIRLS.—Yesterday we saw a little girl led by its mother through the street. Her little collar, and muff, and hat were of the warmest fur, and well she needed them, for it was bitter cold, but her little legs, bare and blue

between her stockings and skirts, told a shivering tale.

Who does not daily see the same thing? Little, frail girls, with head and shoulders bundled in unneeded furs, while from the feet to a point above the knee the little darlings are almost literally naked. Of course mothers who thus dress their children are very far from intending to kill them or render them permanent invalids, but such is the probable result of this fashionable exposure. It is true that most children have their limbs well protected, because most mothers have an intelligent regard for the health of their offspring; but there are many who are clad as we have mentioned, and to the mothers of these we address this appeal.

As little girls are now dressed, their skirts are no protection against the wind or cold below the knee, and what do they have as a substitute? Linen drawers, reaching just below the knee, and there meeting the top of the stockings, which usually have about half the warmth possessed by men's socks. Let us compare this armor with the clothing of men and boys, who have at least five times the power of endurance possessed by the little girl. The father of this little girl six years old would consider himself coldly clad and a certain candidate for rheumatism, if his lower extremities were not protected against the Winter blasts, by, first, thick woolen socks reaching more than half way to the knee; second, wool drawers reaching from the waist to the feet; third, boot-legs of double leather, reaching nearly to the knee; and fourth, thick woolen pantaloons covering all else and reaching to the foot. And yet the same father permits his delicate, blue-veined child to go out in Winter with legs incased in a single thickness of linen. How would he like to walk the Winter streets clad in linen pantaloons, and nothing else?

TRUE LOVELINESS.—It is not your neat dress, expensive shawl, or your pretty fingers that attract the attention of men of sense. They look beyond these. It is the true loveliness of your nature that wins and continues to retain the affection of the heart. Young ladies easily miss it, who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow not a thought on their mind. Fools may be won by gewgaws and fashionable, showy dresses; but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty be your dress. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop and the sot, the good and truly great will love to linger in your steps. Men who are worth having, want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine saucer, this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family on veritable bread and meat. The piano and lace-frame are good in their place, and so are ribbons, fills, and tinsels; but you can not make a dinner of the former, nor a bed-blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed-blankets are essential to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as its fancies; but you make it a matter

of decoration, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Supposing a man of good sense, and, of course, good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may catch him, or you may trap him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you? Render yourself an object worth catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or brother to help you find a market.

BOXING CHILDREN'S EARS.—Boxing the ears of the children is condemned by a writer in *Good Health*, on sanitary grounds. Anxious parents must, therefore, look up some other mode of punishment, and we are not sure but it will be for the good of the parent to be restrained from what is not only a very handy means of summary discipline, but also, in not a few cases, a very ready way of giving vent to passion, which does both parent and child great moral mischief, aside from the physical damage. This writer says: "Children's ears should never be boxed." The passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it? If any one desired to break or overstretch the membrane, he could scarcely devise a more effective means than to bring the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the passage of the ear, thus driving the air violently before it, with no possibility for its escape but by the membrane giving way. And far too often it does give way, especially if, from any previous disease it has been weakened. Many children are made deaf by boxes in this way; if there is one thing which does the nerve of hearing more harm than almost any other, it is a sudden jar or shock. Children and grown persons alike may be entirely deafened by falls or heavy blows upon the head.

ADVICE TO NERVOUS PEOPLE.—Irritable nerves are best soothed, not by indulgence, but by turning the mind resolutely in another direction. Many pass through life without one close grasp of their position or duties, or even without studying the best means of attaining their own desired ends. Such are more likely than any others to become victims of tyrannical nerves, and are often grossly unreasonable, from the habit of not using their judgment. Above all, real, earnest labor will put to flight a vast train of nervous troubles. Few who are vigorously pursuing a life-work of importance are greatly afflicted with nervousness, and these few may often trace it to the lack of wholesome living and fresh air. A due regard to the laws of health, an earnest purpose in life and regular employment, are the best preventives for the evils of over-sensitive nerves. Training and self-respect will induce us to suppress fears, and to conquer weaknesses. Acts of resolution will teach courage, and a systematic infusion of vigor and self-discipline will render the whole nature superior to the indulgence of a tyrannical and enfeebling nervous system.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES. *By K. R. Hagenbach, D. D., Professor of Theology in the University of Basle. Translated from the Last German Edition, with Additions, by Rev. J. F. Hurst, D. D. Two Volumes. 8vo. Pp. 504, 487. New York: Carlton & Lanahan, and Charles Scribner & Co. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

We gave a very brief notice of this important work a month ago, and feel justified in recalling attention to it as a valuable contribution to the study of the history of the Church during the two latest centuries, a period that has been more fruitful in the generation and development of new lines of thought and investigation, of new devotional tendencies, and of new methods of statement and criticism, than any like period that has preceded it. The author is a thorough master of his subject, a voluminous writer, a genial and fruitful theologian; though born a Swiss he is essentially a German, evangelical in his relations to the questions and tendencies discussed, and possessed of a fascinating style that makes his work pleasant reading, notwithstanding the gravity of his themes. The frequent editions of his numerous works treating the history of the Church, prove him to be the most popular of all European writers in that department. The present translation is chiefly the work of Dr. Hurst, now at the head of the Martin Mission Institute at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, whose thorough German scholarship was evidenced by his admirable History of Rationalism, a work the prosecution of which made him all the more competent, not only to be the translator of the work before us, but to append notes expressive of his own views, and to add to the whole a Supplementary Survey on the More Recent History and Present State of the Church in Europe. The enterprise was originally undertaken by Dr. Hurst and Dr. Nadal, now Professor of Church History in the Drew Theological Seminary, but eventually fell into the hands of Dr. Hurst for completion and final revision. Some eleven chapters are from the pen of Dr. Nadal, and for old readers of the Repository we, perhaps, can not give a better taste of the work than by reminding them that they will find three articles of Dr. Nadal's translation from the present work in the volume for 1864, entitled, "The Exile of the Evangelical Salzburgers."

As an outline picture of the period whose history is here studied, we quote the following from the author's introduction:

"The people of the eighteenth century direct their attention with greater interest to political, economical, and industrial life; and ecclesiastical affairs fall more and more into neglect. But precisely here does the dark side of the picture which we are called upon to scrutinize present itself. Indifference in religious

affairs takes its place beside tolerance; persecution for the faith, and enthusiastic devotion to it, pass away together; skepticism grows with illumination, and unbelief wrests the scepter from the hand of superstition, to exercise over the conscience a tyranny equally powerful. And it is exactly the history of this religious and ecclesiastical decline, especially of its causes and consequences, that we propose to investigate. To do this may be less agreeable than to transfer ourselves to those periods of mighty and loyal faith through which we have lately been passing; but it is neither less instructive nor fruitful for our spiritual life. Even to-day we are all wandering, now with open and now with sleep-bewildered and dreaming eyes, among the ruins of the temple whereon our fathers had been building, and to whose demolition thousands of busy children's hands from every side had contributed, until the rude storm of the times broke over it, and tore the last remnant out of joint. We see the fragments, but often we do not know how to fit them together. And though we rejoice at the beautiful and the good, which the creative spirit of the century, in spite of the genius of destruction, has again built up among us, we do not rightly know how the old stands related to the new, nor how it should be related, to insure permanence, and to defy the storm for the future.

To this end it is needful that we should know all sides of the history of this decline, that we may be able to judge what has rightfully fallen into decay, never to rise again, and what has been wrongfully displaced. It is our duty, and the mission of our times, to revive this last as something sacred and established, though it be in another form and in other relations and combinations. A second thing needful to this end is, that we not only know the history of the decline, but that we also learn to mark what has kept alive in the midst of the decay; even that, indeed, which has built itself up, whether in quietness and minuteness, or in more dignified proportions. And, in the mean time, we must not overlook any thing which has contributed, though only in a partial and contracted way, to guard and preserve the germ of improvement. We must look steadily in the eye the spirit of the age, of which so much is said and to which every thing is attributed, whether it fails or succeeds, in order that we may know what it demands; that we may not falsely substitute the whims of our own spirit for the spirit of the age; that we may not arbitrarily harden ourselves against its just demands, nor thoughtlessly allow ourselves to be driven about by every wind of doctrine; and that we may not be of those who fight against God, but of those who openly declare war against whatever is not from him.

THE POPE AND THE COUNCIL. *By Janus. Authorized Translation from the German. 12mo. Pp. 346. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*

This work we merely named a month ago; it deserves much more than a passing notice; it is not only timely in the large amount of information it gives with regard to the present Ecumenical Council in its designs and the attitude of several parties entering into its composition, but is significant as being the production of Catholic pens, and in its earnest protests against Papal pretensions and usurpations. The work bears constant evidence that it emanates from Catholic authorship, and the authors so claim for it, while saying that "for many reasons no names of authors are placed on the title-page." The authors also well say that, "We consider that a work so entirely made up of facts, and supporting all its statements by reference to the original authorities,

must and can speak for itself, without needing any names attached to it." The volume calmly and learnedly, but vigorously and pungently, combats the doctrines of the famous Syllabus, the new dogma about Mary, and Papal infallibility. One great value of this work to Protestants will be found in this fact: that, while it brings forth but few arguments and but few historical references in opposition to these absurd pretensions of Catholicism, which have not already been repeatedly used by Protestant writers, and as repeatedly denied by their Catholic antagonists, yet here they are reproduced, reasserted, sustained by reference to accepted Catholic authorities, and hurled defiantly in the face of the Pope and his Council by Catholic writers themselves! The first chapter with brevity, and yet with telling power, discusses the absurd and dangerous doctrines of the Syllabus, such as the claim for the coercive power of the Church, for the political supremacy of the popes, for the revision of history itself in favor of Catholicism, and its denunciations of freedom of conscience and of modern civilization. A very brief chapter dismisses the new dogma of the bodily assumption of Mary, as a piece of Jesuitical maneuvering to enhance their influence over a superstitious and dogma-loving people. The third chapter, subdivided into thirty-three sections, discusses Papal infallibility. Its chief object is to trace and enforce the process and means by which, during the centuries, the Papal claims and power have grown to their present stature, and especially the claim of personal infallibility. It is a tremendous exposure, indeed, of forged authorities, insatiate ambition, intense corruption, a very Babel of confusion and contradiction, under the pretense of apostolic authority, holiness, and unity. It is intended for and is a most instructive comment on the position and claims of the present Pope, with his Syllabus and his Council to fasten its articles on the civilized world. No Protestant pen, not even that of Luther, ever drew a more humiliating picture of Popery, as centering on the Papal chair and court, than that which these Roman Catholic divines have just given to the world, and which they have supported throughout by constant citation from Romish historians and divines of highest rank, from century to century.

It is a book to be read in this country at these times, when the hand of the Papal power is among us, grasping for power over our education, our children's minds, and all our institutions. Every man interested in the present school question should read this book, to see what power it is that is working among us, and on what its claims are based, and more especially as the American Romish Bishops now at Rome are said to be the reliance of the Pope for unquestioning submission in the Council to his will.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL. By Rev. Albert Barnes. Illustrated. Large 12mo. Pp. 496. Cincinnati: Zeigler, McCurdy & Co. Sold only by Subscription.

This is another of the really excellent works that these enterprising publishers are giving widely to the

public through their vast system of agencies. We can not refrain from repeating our gratification, that a great change has taken place in the character of what are generally known as "subscription books," especially in the hands of these publishers, who give to the people really valuable books in excellent style and substantial workmanship. The venerable Albert Barnes has given his latest years and best learning to this book, and has produced a volume that we are sure will receive an extensive welcome. It is not merely a biography of the great apostle, it is something better than that; it gives a just and connected view of his character and life, but uses that character in its striking elements, as illustrative of the true Christian character, and that life of eminent activities as exemplary of the true Christian life. It is, therefore, at once a powerful demonstration of the truth of Christianity, and a sublime illustration of its power over the human heart and life.

DAILY BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS: *Being Original Readings for a Year on Subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology.* By John Kitto, D. D., F. S. A. Four Volumes. Large 12mo. Pp. 847, 866, 837, 881. \$7. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Geo. Crosby.

This work has been long and favorably before the public in an edition of eight volumes, selling for \$14. The present edition is printed on good paper, a little thinner, bound in four volumes, and sold at \$7. It is an able and valuable work, Scriptural library in itself, and in its present form remarkably cheap. It consists of a selection of Scripture subjects chiefly from the historical books of the Old and New Testaments. The sacred history is taken in regular course, each reading presenting a separate and distinct subject, though a visible coherence is given to all the parts, not only by the historical order adopted, but by attention being given to the leading events, between which the lesser subjects naturally arrange themselves and by which they are connected. A vast amount of Biblical knowledge is thus presented, not usually accessible but to persons possessed of large and curious libraries.

Here, also, is found in easy and unpretending shape, the real fruits of much learned discussion and painstaking research. The careful thought which the author gave to these subjects, and his intimate acquaintance with the manners, customs, and ideas of the eastern nations—which most nearly resemble the ancient Hebrews—peculiarly fitted him for the preparation of this great work.

THE PRIMEVAL WORLD OF HEBREW TRADITION. By Frederick Henry Hedge. 16mo. Pp. 283. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

We named this book a month ago, but preferred to examine it more closely before pronouncing upon it. It strikes us as an example of a vast waste of paper in the form in which it is issued. We like some old things in the art of book-making, but the enormous margins, leaving space enough along the

side of the pages to print another book on, and used for no purpose but to indicate the number of the chapter, is an old thing that it is well to let "pass away." With this exception the book is a very neat one. As to its contents, we can by no means recommend it to general readers. It deals in a very free and easy manner with the sacred oracles, reduces their statements to fable, or myth, or allegory at pleasure, has no trouble with the question of inspiration, treats the facts of the Bible as "primeval traditions," and yet, as they are the best of ancient traditions, they have great weight of a certain kind with the writer. Understanding thus the stand-point of the author to be that free and easy one from which the great facts of Scripture can be treated *ad libitum*, the book is well worth reading, for there are in it some fine thoughts, some original suggestions, and many really eloquent passages. We infinitely prefer, however, to take a much more positive and realistic view of the grand old facts of Creation, Paradise, the Fall, the Deluge, and others which are discussed in this book.

THE ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE. *A Metrical Translation into English. With Introduction and Commentaries. By Lord Lytton. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.75.*

The popularity of Horace is as enduring as the language in which he wrote. His own prophecy of his future fame is fulfilled in a sense which he never anticipated; and nations and realms never dreamed of by him now read his poems with as great delight as his own countrymen in his own time. Equally at home with princes and peasants, in town or in country, in luxury and in scarcity, in the favor of courts or in exile from his friends, his good-humor never deserts him and his sympathy for universal humanity never fails. It is this which has secured his popularity, for he is the priest and the prophet of all. No Roman bard has been more read and more admired. None has more often been translated; the works of none have been more frequently edited and published. Lord Lytton's translation is a close imitation of the Latin style and Latin meters. While metrical it is not rhymed, nor is there any expansion of the thought. The same number of verses appear in the Latin and the English, which are here printed on opposite pages. Not slavishly literal to the word, it is faithful to the spirit; and we have read no version of the odes and epodes that we regard equal to this. Lord Lytton is a poet himself of no mean order; and a poet is required to interpret a poet. This our author has admirably done.

RAMBLES THROUGH THE BRITISH ISLES. *By Rev. R. Harcourt. With Sixty Engravings. 12mo. Pp. 349. New York: N. Tibbals & Son.*

The name of Mr. Harcourt will be recognized as the author of several illustrated articles issued last year in the Repository, such as "The Land of Burns," and "The Home of Sir Walter Scott." The present volume contains a full report of his "rambles"

through England, Ireland, and Scotland, written in the same style. They are very readable, and "put some things" in a form somewhat different from that of other travelers and writers. The book is issued in handsome style.

THE HOLY GRAIL, AND OTHER POEMS. *By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L. 16mo. Pp. 202. \$1. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This last effusion of Tennyson was waited for with high expectations, and they have been fully met. Like the "Idyls of the King," it produces picturesque legends of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. This volume contains four idyls—The Coming of Arthur, The Holy Grail, Sir Pelleas and Ettarre, and The Passing of Arthur. To these are added miscellaneous poems, some of which are now printed for the first time. To meet the tastes and means of all classes, the work is brought out in three different styles: in cloth, uniform with "Idyls of the King," one dollar; uniform with the *Farringford* Tennyson, in paper covers, twenty-five cents; uniform with the *Half-Dollar* Tennyson, paper covers, ten cents.

A GENEALOGICAL HISTORY OF THE DESCENDANTS OF JOSEPH PECK. *By Ira B. Peck. 8vo. Pp. 442. \$5. Boston: Alfred Mudge & Son.*

This is in a line of literature that is yet in its infancy in America, and we have no objection to its ever remaining in the order of dwarfs. We do not believe that the soil and atmosphere of the great Republic will ever give it a very vigorous growth. We gather, however, from the Introduction that this volume is intended for private circulation in the widely extended family whose genealogical history it contains. We are quite free to concede that, if any American family deserves this gathering up and preserving of the family history, the Peck family does, and we admire the patience, diligence, and developments which the author has displayed in gathering the vast materials for his book. Joseph Peck emigrated to this country in 1638, and the author searches out his pedigree for twenty preceding generations. From Joseph has descended an immense posterity. The volume contains over six thousand names, among them many that have become famous in history. We find here two portraits and sketches that show when and how the Peck family touched the line of Methodist history, namely, those of Drs. George and Jesse T. Peck.

SHAKESPEARE'S MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. *Illustrated with Designs by P. Konewka. Quarto. Pp. 88. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

The "Midsummer-Night's Dream" we consider, in some respects, the masterpiece of Shakspeare. Its wonderful creations, its weird, wild conceptions, its strange and unexpected combinations, its grotesque blending of fancy and reality, are the highest demonstrations of the marvelous imagination of the author. The present edition is a fit setting for the

unique comedy. It is characterized first by all that can be done for it by the printer's art. Then, in its illustrations, we have embellishments as novel as they are beautiful. They are executed in what is known as the silhouette style—a profile picture in black, on a white or tinted ground. We did not believe it possible to produce such effects with the simple mechanism of clear black on a pale, yellow tint. Yet here it is; every character is perfect in all its proportions, challenging at once the attention and admiration of the beholder, who instantly forgets the strange character and color of the pictures, while he gazes on the beauty and grace of the forms, attitudes, and sometimes grotesque humor of the representations. A very neat ideal picture of Helena in steel graces the title-page.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON. *With Numerous Illustrations. Large 8vo. Pp. 232. \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This is a very neat and remarkably cheap edition of the entire works of the poet-laureate, even to the

last issue, "The Holy Grail." The print, though small, is very clear, and the illustrations are numerous and excellent.

RAYS FROM THE SUN; *or, Twelve Lectures on the Bible.*

BIBLE PORTRAITS; *Nine Short Addresses to Children.*
CRUMBS FROM THE BREAD OF LIFE.

MY BIBLE-CLASS; *With an Essay on Bible-Class Teaching. By a Scripture Teacher.*

ANNIVERSARY GEMS. *By Rev. Samuel L. Gracey.*

These five little volumes have been sent to our Table by Messrs. Perkenpine & Higgins. The first three are from the pen of S. P. Green, and show that the author understands perfectly how to speak to children and to write for them. We scarcely know to whom most to recommend these books, whether to teachers as excellent examples, or to the children to whom they are really addressed. The last of the list consists of addresses, recitations, conversations, and Scriptural illustrations for Sunday-school concerts and anniversaries.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY.—The third Annual Report of this vigorous young society lies on our table. The past year has been one of great prosperity, the Society having sent more teachers into the field, taught more pupils, erected more school-houses, raised more money, and led more souls to Christ than during any previous year. The object contemplated in the formation of this Society, and to which it still closely adheres, is the relief and education of the freedmen, a work to be accomplished in connection with our Missionary and Church Extension Societies. The success of the enterprise thus far indicates the wisdom of its founders. It has awakened a profound interest in behalf of this deeply wronged race, increased the amount of the contributions to this cause, and supplemented with schools our missionary movement in the South.

The Society has now entered upon its fourth year's labor. During the past year it has sustained in the field more than one hundred teachers, instructed ten thousand pupils in day-schools, and eight thousand in Sunday-schools, erected several normal-school and college edifices, led ten thousand to Christ, appropriating in this work nearly one hundred thousand dollars toward the elevation of this unfortunate race. Eternity alone can reveal the vast amount of good accomplished by this instrumentality.

The work which demands especial attention at this time is twofold. First, to sustain our college and normal schools. The Society has inaugurated seven institutions of learning of a high grade, where teachers can be educated for the common-schools,

and where young men called of God to the ministry can be properly trained and educated. The great want of the South is educated teachers and preachers. These must, to a great extent, be colored, for no others can so easily gain access to the freedmen, and so successfully lead them forward in the great movement of the age. They will be greatly influenced for weal or woe by leaders from their own race, and it is a duty from which we can not escape, to furnish intelligent and moral men for this purpose. Ignorant and incompetent instructors will prove a terrible calamity to them, and perpetuate the evils and superstitions from which they have so deeply suffered.

From these institutions, established and sustained by the Society, hundreds have already gone forth to cultivate the wide-spread field of usefulness. But thousands are needed, where only scores can be furnished. There is no lack of promising youth who desire to consecrate themselves to the noble work, but the funds for this purpose are wanting. Teachers must be provided, transportation secured, school-houses and dormitories furnished, while the pupils do what they can to provide themselves with food and clothing.

Secondly, To sustain schools in places selected by our missionaries, so that teachers and ministers may co-operate in elevating and saving the people. The society has fifty schools in connection with our missions that can not be abandoned without great peril to the enterprise. The teachers co-operate with the missionaries in preaching the Gospel, holding meet-

ings, sustaining Sunday-schools, and in every good work calculated to educate the people and save their souls. In our foreign missionary work teachers and schools are employed with great advantage, and the highest success in the South can not be realized without them. The necessity of mission schools to supplement our mission work, and the inability of the Missionary Society, with its heavy responsibilities, to respond to this appeal, called into existence this Society. Schools give access to the people which we can not get in any other way. They furnish an argument in favor of the benevolence of our mission that the freedmen can easily understand, and that our enemies can not refute. The establishment of a flourishing school affords a bright prospect of a good Church; and those that love Methodism should contribute to our own Freedmen's Aid Society, that the schools may be under Methodist control, so that the Church that springs from the schools may be of like faith and practice. We are able to assure the friends of this Society that the funds donated have been most judiciously expended. No greater work for God and humanity, and none more extensive in its influence, has been accomplished with equal expenditures.

An inducement to contribute liberally to this cause, which is peculiar to this Society, may be found in the fact that the Freedmen's Bureau graduates its appropriations to the amount of funds raised from all other sources. Increased contributions to our Society for the education of freedmen are followed by increased appropriations from Government.

The work of God is rapidly spreading through the South. A quarter of a million of souls have been gathered into the fold within the past few years, a fact which vindicates the wisdom of the policy pursued by the Church. This is one of the grandest fields of missionary effort ever presented. Millions of ignorant people, identified with our political and religious destiny, anxious for schools, churches, and ministers, appeal to us for assistance. We dare not turn a deaf ear to their cry for help. Never, in the history of our race, has there been an appeal so pathetic, so forcible to the philanthropy of a civilized people, as is made by the freedmen at this crisis. We are convinced that this Society has successfully inaugurated a most important movement, which, if liberally sustained by our people for a few years longer, will prove itself to be a powerful instrumentality in elevating a degraded race, in increasing the prosperity of the South, in restoring harmony to the Union, and in securing an element of permanent strength to the Church of God.

A VALUABLE CHART.—We have had on our Table for some weeks an ingenious and valuable chart of the earliest Biblical history and times, prepared by William W. Awl, M. D., of Columbus, Ohio. In this chart the author has worked out and presented in tabular form the most prominent facts of chronology, from the creation to the exodus, in which he shows at a glance how the traditions of the Creation and Fall could be handed down so that Moses could

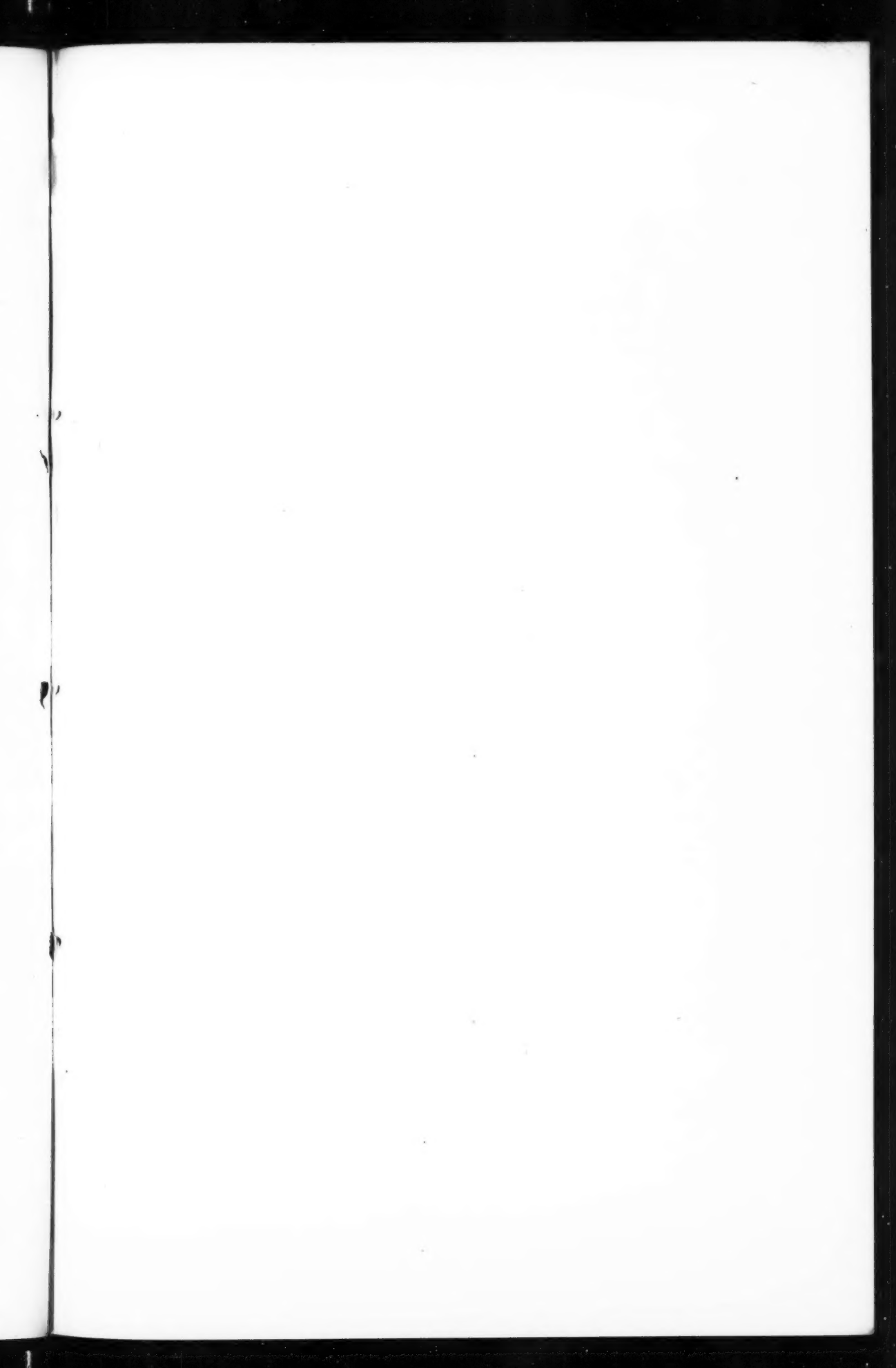
receive them at fifth hand from Adam, and the facts of the Covenant and the Deluge at third hand. Adam is shown to have been contemporary with eight generations of his descendants, and Shem contemporary with Methuselah and Lamech, both of whom were contemporary with Adam; so that this vast period is spanned by two hands, stretching over sixteen and a half centuries.

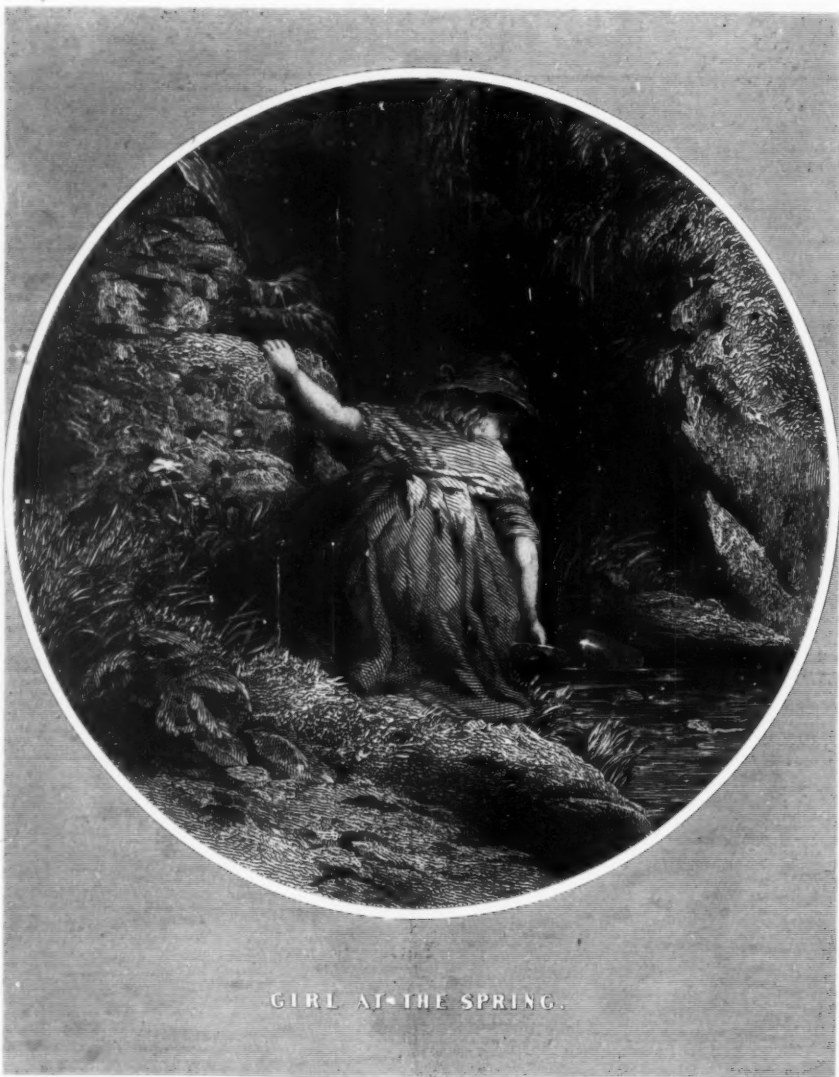
The notices of persons and events, in this most interesting and important period, are so condensed, and are presented in such admirable and intelligible form, that every student of Scripture will value it for its well-tabulated facts, and it will be highly useful in the minister's study, and in the Sabbath-school, as "*multum in parvo*." He further shows the interesting fact that Heber, contemporary with Shem, was the last of the long-lived patriarchs, who handed down the traditions to Abraham, after which human life was shortened by more than one-half, as there was henceforth a system of Divine revelations that would supersede the oral traditions. The chart is one of great interest and value for all Bible readers. We understand our agents, Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden, are arranging for the sale of this excellent chart, and it may be ordered through them.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.—We like the ring of the following words from Moore's Rural New Yorker. They come much nearer the divine and truly human ideal of marriage than the transcendental nonsense that is nowadays corrupting the hearts of the people:

"It is getting quite common for people to meet their affinities, get divorced, and remarry. One would suppose that happiness, according to their estimates, would be secured. There is no mutual respect where there are such antecedents. Such can never be true marriage unless crime has caused the separation, and even then how infinitely better to have endured unto the end! "But my husband was a drunkard." "Was he a drunkard when you married him?" "No!" "Then what determined him to that? Did you bear with him kindly and gently? Did you patiently try to save him?" "Yes." "Then the curse was inherited. Can you not bear with him as you could with a badly deformed person? You are not accountable to Heaven for his course, but you certainly are for your own." There is so much heroism in the world—men who go home to careless, reckless wives and ill-kept houses, and utter not a word of reproach here and carry no word of complaint to the world; women who screen the husband's faults, even from their children, and bear the burden of neglect and care with a saint-like fortitude. They asked no divorce. They love on and hope on, to the end, and when God puts his seal on their foreheads we know what heroism their lives contained."

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—We are sorry that we find ourselves left with no space in which to speak of our beautiful steel engravings for the present month. Fortunately they are both of a kind that speak for themselves. The famous town of Baden-Baden needs no introduction to our readers, and "Home Farewell" will at once tell all its meaning to the heart.





GIRL AT THE SPRING.

Engraved for S. W. Hunt, expressly for the Ladies' Repository, from a Painting by J. E. B. Esq.

